THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRELAND'S POSITION.

A Contributor Analyzes the Pros and Cons of Her Connection With Her Jealous and Perfidious Step-Sister, England.

How Impossible it is for Ireland to Be Prosperous and Happy While That Ill-Starred "Union" Continues.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Within the limits of a newspaper, it is not possible to treat of the advantages both natural and otherwise possessed by Ireland, which are capable of making her the happiest land upon the face of the whole earth. Think of her immense water power, now flowing idly to the sea; think of her wealth in fuel—peat, and bituminous and anthracite coal. There are coal fields in Leinster and Munster; also in Tyrone, Antrim, Monaghan and Connaught. The neighborhood of Lough Allen abounds in coal. Peat can be compressed and makes a valuable fuel, and Lough Neagh "from Washing Bay in Tyrone to Sandy Bay in Antrim" is remarkable for its lignite, or wood coal, which is found in abundance along the shore. Hear what Dr. Kane says in his "Industrial Ireland," a work which brought him both fame and fortune, and ought to be in every Irish home. "The largest river in the British Islands falls into the Atlantic Ocean, dividing the counties of Clare and Kerry, and cutting through the centre of the Munster coal formation. Expanding in its course into a chain of extensive lakes, it intersects through a line of 247 miles some of the richest lands in Ireland, washing the banks of ten of the thirty-two counties of which our island is made up It has its origin in the recesses of the Leitrim hills, where it springs almost with its full power from a vast gulf, the great depth of which has not yet been ascertained (1844) and almost immediately expanding forms Lough Allen of which the area is 8900 acres. The picture of this district as I saw it two years since, has[illegible] left my mind. The dark brown hills, heather clad, rose abruptly from the water, excepting towards the south where they were separated from the lake by level spaces of marshy bog. The patches of cultivation, small and rare, far from relieving the aspect of the scene, served but to render its dreariness more oppressive. The lake, smooth as a mirror, reflected the brilliant sky of midsummer. No wave disturbed it; the noise and bustle of active industry were far away. The melancholy solitude of my walk was only broken by the approach of some wretched men, who had heard of the phenomenon of a stranger's presence in their wilds, and pressed around, asking whether I was about to do anything for the country, to give employment. Alas! it was not in my power. As I walked on, there lay around my patch masses of iron ore, equally rich with the best employed in England. I knew that in those hills, whose desolate aspect weighed on my mind, there were concealed all the materials for successful industry. A population starving, and eager to be employed at any price. A district capable of setting them at work, if its resources were directed by honesty and common sense." ("Industrial Resources of Ireland," page 15.)

Are not these melancholy sentences applicable to the whole of Ireland, almost? A population easily satisfied, not afraid of work, eager to be employed, and yet what do we behold? A crippled, nay a broken farming class, appealing daily to a hostile government for trifling concessions; the extent of farming land getting smaller each year, and cattle and sheep occupying the places where God intended men and their children should live in comfort; the poorhouses full of idle men and women, and their unfortunate offspring, and those who can escape such a fate, flying to the ceaseless emigrant ship. What has brought all this to pass? The answer is easily found. A vicious form of foreign government, and the entire absence of a native one. Oh! surely the "golden link of the crown,' has and will continue to be to the people of Ireland, a link of infamy, dragging them to pauperism, serfdom and national extinction. The slaves who followed in the rear of the golden chariot of the Roman conqueror were happy when compared with the lot of the Irish peasant. The Mamartine prison and the block soon ended the misery of the Roman slave; the misery of the poor Irishman is lifelong.

Apart from the productiveness of the soil of Ireland, which our worst enemies have not denied, Ireland holds within her bosom the means of making a people prosperous, happy, free and contented. Mines of copper, iron, silver, lead and coal abound. There is not a spot in the whole of Ireland of any importance, over fifty miles from navigable water. As an article such as this, must be merely cursory to a great extent, it is impossible to go into varied details to any length. Whole volumes might be written upon the richness of Irish mines. Our ancestors were in a measure acquainted with them. Ancient workings have been discovered, and "oaken shovels and iron picks of extraordinary size and weight" found in them. "Lead is even more extensively diffused through Ireland than copper, and is found in a much greater variety of rocks." The neighborhood of Dublin abounds in veins of rich galena, as also several places in Westmeath and Meath, Kilkenny and the neighborhood of the Seven Churches. The Irish galenas are in great measure argentiferous, or mixed with silver. We are told that the lead formerly smelted in Ireland was hard and brittle, and would not be bought at home, being considered inferior to the English article. It was sent over to England and Holland to be refined. This refining consisted in removing the silver contained in the lead which was then returned to Ireland, and sold at a higher price. An analysis of Irish galena or sulphuret of lead, showed in 100 parts to contain—Lead 86.6; sulphur 13.4. The carbonate of lead or white lead ore showed—Lead 77.6; oxygen 6.0; carbonic acid 16.4. The sulphate of lead gave on analysis—Lead 68.4; oxygen 5.3; sulphuric acid 26.3. The quantity of silver as found in lead mines at different places has been as follows· From a ton of lead, Luganure mine, Wicklow, 8oz; from a ton of lead, Caime mine, Wexford, 12oz; from a ton of lead, Ballyhickey mine, Clare, 15oz; from a ton of lead, Kilbrickan mine, Clare, 120oz. "The average production of silver extracted from the lead ores of the mines worked by the the Mining Company of Ireland during 1843 was seven and one half ounces to the ton of lead, and the total quantity was 4,261 ounces which sold for £1,157 10 8."

The southwest of Ireland is rich in copper, and veins of rich copper ore abound in the neighborhood of the Lakes of Killarney. Many readers of THE CITIZEN doubtless remember the old machinery which lies at what was once the mouth of a copper mine on Ross Island, Killarney. They have not forgotten how different in color the water in the mine appears from the water of the adjacent lake. The quantity of ore raised from this mine before the lake broke into it, was 200 tons per month. "The ore was very rich. The poorest sold for £14 per ton, and the rich at £40. The value of the ore raised in four years, and sold in Swansea was £80,000." We must not forget that this was many years ago when the purchasing power of money was greater than now. To show how indifferently things were managed there, we are told that when the lake broke through to the mine, an engine was put up to pump the water out, and although turf in abundance exists in the neighborhood, and would be valuable fuel, the managers imported coal from England at two guineas a ton. Small wonder the mines were abandoned, and England supplied with another illustration "of the unproductiveness of Irish undertakings." Gold has also been found in Ireland, principally in Wicklow. "It is of a rich yellow color, soft and malleable. An assay of 24 grains gave pure gold 22.58, and silver 1.43. Another assay by Mr. Alchorn, assay master in London, gave for 24 grains 21 6-8 fine gold, 1 7-8 silver, and 3-8 of a grain an alloy of copper and iron." This gold has been found principally in the Wicklow streams. Where the gold proceeded from has never been proved, and still remains unsolved. Nature is jealous of her gold, and stores it where patient toil alone discovers it. Very properly do we call it the precious metal. God grant that the gold in the Wicklow hills may be awaiting the advent of an Irish government to stamp upon it the motto of a free and prosperous people. T.J.F.

The Fallen Napoleon.

It was a stubborn fight with fate that went on in the gilded Elysian Palace in the street of St. Honore in those bright days of a Paris June. An emperor was trying the hard task of ruling his own spirit; a conqueror was set to the bitter struggle of conquering himself. Than this there is no harder task in all the world, whether for boy or emperor.

And, in this fight, allies were not to be depended upon; foes really were friends. For the first would have tempted the overpowered monarch to stand at bay against victorious Europe and distrusting France; the others were determined to drive him from France at all hazards. And, in his case, to go was his only safety; though had he died fighting for his lost crown, history would have given him even greater glory.

Then came the end, when his ministers set themselves up to be his masters; when those he had most richly rewarded became his keenest foes; when France refused to acknowledge as its ruler a man twice overthrown; when from those to whom he looked for counsel came only lukewarm loyalty, false protestations, or unwelcome truth; when from anger at the unreliable chamber of deputies, whom he, like Cromwell, threatened to turn out "neck and heels," he would change to indecision, silence, even timidity, it was plain there was but one thing to do.

He did it. On June 22, 1815, Napoleon signed a second abdication, proclaimed his little son, whom Austria had kidnapped, Emperor of the French, and three days later left Paris forever.

He drove to Malmaison, twelve miles from Paris, that beautiful estate, half palace, half villa, which had been the home of the Empress Josephine. Here Napoleon had spent many happy hours in his days of power and prosperity; here Josephine had died while he was at Elba; here the Emperor had planned out his greatest campaigns, his most glorious victories; and here Philip came to him.—*From "A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks, in October St. Nicholas.*

Two hundred thousand people assembled around Parnell's grave in Glasnevin cemetery on Oct. 9. Had the same number stood by him at the Irish polls in 1890, he might still be at the head of Irish political affairs.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Favorable Progress of the Great Irish Benevolent and Patriotic Order in Cook County and Elsewhere.

Visit of Father Courtney, of Kerry, and Capt. O'Higgins of Boston to the Meeting of the County Board.

The County Board of the A. O. H. is fast attaining a celebrity for good management and business methods which will place it as a model to be copied by all sections of the country. There is no friction, and while keen debate is at times the rule on matters before the board, nevertheless, with the exception of misuse of an occasional adjective by men who ought to know better, the decorum is faultless. I trust the same will always characterize the future history of the governing Board of Cook County, and that the good sense which has so far compelled a demeanor so impressive will continue to prevail. Our respected County President, Mr. Henely, deserves considerable credit for the excellent report submitted at the meeting, which detailed in brief the proceedings of the executive committee, and laid before the board the recommendations of that body. Quite a few visitors were scattered among the division representatives, and to each was extended the privileges of the floor.

The Rev. Father Courtney, all the way from the kingdom of Kerry, came with an appeal for assistance to erect a church in the parish of Coalmain, in the county mentioned. It is needless to say that the clergyman was given a cordial greeting and respectful attention. I cannot help remarking that many of our people disapprove of the constant stream of requests which pour in our doors to help this and assist that. While we may regret our individual ability to do anything, I think we should try and show such visitors to our land that they have our sympathy and good wishes. It is no pleasure for reverend gentlemen, or any one else, to solicit subscriptions or assistance, and if unable to give, we can at least make the appellants feel that it is untoward circumstances not want of good will which prevent substantial recognition of their worth. Years ago I passed through the county from which our visitor came, and up in the hills I attended a "station," where I saw many families who had no opportunity of receiving the rites of the church except at such periods of visitation. More churches would relieve and bless those communities. More churches means more schools, and the more books opened to Young Ireland the nearer her day of deliverance comes. I pray our brothers to give to the young clergyman the reception due his calling and his cause.

The Rev. Father Smith, of St. Vincent's parish, accompanied by Justice Walter Gibbons, waited on the board to draw attention to his approaching church fair. The reverend gentleman impressed the officers present with his kindly feeling towards the A. O. H., and was followed by Mr. Gibbons, who referred to his old-time connection with the board. The County President assured the visitors that their wishes would receive the necessary consideration.

Capt. O'Higgins, of Boston, was introduced as one of the hard workers of that city. I can't help saying if that home of culture have many Hibernians of such stalwart build, fluent tongue and winning ways, I am not surprised that their numbers are so strong and that such enthusiasm prevails in Suffolk county, Massachusetts. The Cook county men were charmed with the witty address of Brother O'Higgins, who told of his experiences in the east of large meetings and monster initiations in such glowing terms that the poor Chicagoans looked askance at each other while making mental comparison between the speaker's statements and his listeners' last division meeting. It is something worth remembering and studying, the result of which may be our discovery of the reason of the present apathy in Chicago circles. Capt. O'Higgins returned home on Monday last, bearing with him the good wishes of all, and leaving after him the impression that it will be many years before Illinois can hope to equal Massachusetts in numbers, enthusiasm and discipline. The visitor submitted to the brothers of Cook county a specimen certificate of membership, which, for artistic style and pictured history, was most deserving the endorsement of the A. O. H. of Illinois. Much regret was expressed that a hurried adjournment did not permit the board to express its opinion. The brothers of Massachusetts have much reason to be complimented on the representative, who forged a new link in the chain of friendship between the East and West.

Brother P. F. Holden, President of Div. 23, made his first appearance since his visit to the "old sod." He explained to the board the causes which led to his turning over the office to Brother Lamb, and gave cheery news of the cause over the sea. Some person said Brother Holden forgot to kiss the Blarney Stone, but a kindly friend said it was the sea air which made his tongue so sharp. I am pleased to note that the young traveler is much improved in health, and purposes hard work for the A. O. H. the coming winter.

The Divisions are to select a representative for the management of the intended entertainment on Dec. 31. It is wise to bring the body of the organization in touch with the County Board, and this co-operation of a committee specially selected from the membership of the divisions cannot but result in good and energetic work. The entertainment of New Year's Eve must be a success. It will be the first attempt of the Cook county Hibernianas to give, under their auspices, an opportunity for the public to judge the ability of the A. O. H. in carrying out, under their own name, celebrations of a character equal in talent and interest to those of which they are constantly assisting others to reap the benefit. The speaker of the evening will be the Hon. Maurice F. Wilbere, of Philadelphia. Mr. Wilbere is, without doubt, the most prominent Hibernian on this continent. He stands in attractive personality, in fraternal popularity above any other as a representative of our society. His name has been associated with the growth of the A. O. H. for some fifteen years, and to his efforts, untiring and devoted, to his wit, ability and fearlessness is due the past magnificent record of the Order. Then it behooves the A. O. H. of Cook county, when such a guest as Mr. Wilbere accepts their invitation, to leave his home at such a festive time, and for the good of the grand old Order, to come to Chicago—it behooves every member of the Order to leave no effort untried to demonstrate our esteem for the worthy brother and welcome him within our gates by filling every seat in Central Music Hall. Shame will rest on the head of the laggard, and contempt of all good brothers for those who decline to assist in upholding the honor of Cook county and the credit of the A. O. H. in the West.

Another matter of much interest was the acceptance by the County Board of the invitation tendered by the Rev. Father Carroll, to parade as an escort to his Grace Archbishop Feehan, on the occasion of his visit to Hyde Park to administer the sacrament of confirmation to the children of St. Thomas parish. Rev. Father Carroll stands high in the estimation of all the Hibernians in the West, for his name has long been linked with devotion to the old tongue of the Gael. We see the student-priest giving from his leisure hour the talents God blessed him with, to the labor of interesting a people in the language of their forefathers. Let us prove we can appreciate the good priest's work, and our loyalty to our beloved Archbishop, who, of our kith and kin, has won the undivided esteem of all good citizens of the cosmopolitan population in the large diocese under his jurisdiction. I trust the demonstration will be worthy of the Order and the the reverend gentleman we desire to honor.

The need of the hour seems to be a larger attendance at our meetings. More interest and better work on the part of officers, rigid discipline, together with frequent visits from the proper committee, will accomplish much. It is noticed in many places that the officers are not interesting, that they do their work in a half-hearted manner, and that new members are not impressed with the methods of initiation and decorum of divisions. If this is so we must have a change. Slipshod methods must stop, and officers prone to such must be ousted. Either we intend to be right or are satisfied with being wrong. If we mean the first we must enforce such measures as are best for our Order, and if the latter, we have no business in the Order. Discipline must be observed or we cannot hope to have harmony in our ranks, self-respect among our members, or dignity in the transaction of the business of our meetings. The loud-mouthed, insulting braggart whose place is properly in a thuggery or a police court, must have no entry or welcome in our meetings. The cur who imputes motives to actions of officers or members must remain in his proper home, the gutter or the informer's box, as such cases but prove "suspicion," haunts a "guilty mind," and "in a traitor's eye all else are treason dyed." The maligner and the brawler must be got rid of at any cost wherever found. The dignity of the chair entitles the president to the respectful consideration of the office apart from the individual, and while the occupant of the president's chair administers the duties of his office with the same respect for the proprieties demanded of others, he should receive the hearty support of all. Rules of order may seem superfluous, but if you visit a division where such obtain you will notice the ease and dispatch with which work is done. Compare with such the meeting where no man can speak two minutes without interruption, where members bandy words across the floor, where the rap of the gavel receives no recognition, where humbugs occupy the floor with fancied personal grievances, where such humbugs come after prudent provision (?) of false courage, and compare these with meetings where wise rules and good judgment conduce to harmony, and you will ask for a transfer to escape from the constant annoyance of the tempest in teapots. If we have to reduce a division to a skeleton, we must earn and retain the respect due to ourselves and the Order.

Another matter which needs immediate attention is the work of the sick committees. How can you have the confidence of your brothers if the sick are not cared for? How can you expect the community, outside of your organization, to have a good opinion of the same when a brother is left unattended and uncared for with merely a perfunctory visit? This must not be the way a Hibernian discharges his obligation. We must compel our committees to do their work and report regularly on all sick members, and if we have men in whom the spirit of Christian charity does not live, let them seek more congenial association than they will have in the Ancient Order of Hibernians. If you mean what you say, such people have no place in our midst.

ER.

"REBEL" IRELAND STILL.

The Rev. Father M'Donald of San Francisco, Recently Returned From the Emerald Isle Says the National Spirit Remains Unbroken.

The Great Hope of the Irish Race Complete Emancipation From the Rule of England.

(*San Francisco Monitor, Oct. 5.*)

A representative of the *Monitor* enjoyed an interesting chat recently with Rev. James McDonald at St. Peter's parochial residence. In describing his visit to his native land the reverend gentleman grew eloquent and his conversation was brightened by many humorous allusions to incidents occurring in his travels. The condition of Ireland he discussed in its social aspect.

"I hope you were pleased with your trip," the interviewer asked.

"Well, yes, I was very much pleased indeed. Apart altogether form the pleasure of revisiting the scenes of one's youth and seeing once again the old familiar faces of friends, a trip to Europe is well worth the trouble it entails."

"I suppose you saw many interesting places."

"Yes. Europe is the land of history and romance. No spot of it but tells its own story. It is a hallowed sanctuary of the past where the living tread lightly, fearful of disturbing the slumbers of the dead. For me Ireland was naturally the principal place of interest."

"And how did you find Ireland?"

"Well that is a question not so easily answered. It depends so much on how you look at things. If you care for politics, for instance, you cannot have much of an opinion of Ireland. The country is in a bad way. The general opinion among those who ought to know is that home rule is dead. The failure of parliamentary tactics weighs heavily on the hearts of the most conservative Irishmen and many who long ago bade goodbye to revolutionary methods find themselves re-reading history and now and then unconsciously whistling 'The Boys of Wexford.' The British Lion placidly licks his paws. Even when he hears rhetorical transatlantic thunders he merely wags his tail.

"If you are a Philistine you will be disgusted with Ireland. There is no wealth there worth speaking of. The land is not begrimed with the mire of civilization. Its streams are pure as the rivers of Paradise as they go singing to the sea. Its fields are green as emerald. The smoke of factories has not dimmed the wondrous beauty of its wild flowers and the roar of the steam engine disturbs not the solemn silence of its woodland glades. All this is gall and wormwood to the heart of the Philistine. There is no money in buttercups and violets. A half acre of chrysanthemums is worth all the hedgerows in Ireland. And the 'wood notes wild' of the linnet and the thrush are to his large ears infinitely inferior to the latest music-hall ditty. And so the Philistine goes to Ireland and groans in spirit and works his pneumatic jaw daily twelve hours of the twenty-four, abusing the poor old-fashioned people. The Philistine does this because he is a Philistine and has large ideas of modern progress. He was the precursor of the new 'lady' and now is actually in it."

"But what is your opinion of Ireland?"

"I liked it. Glorious California has not fully weaned me of my love for the old land and though my home is here half my heart is in Ireland."

"You think, then, that Ireland is all right?"

"Well, not exactly. There is discontentment and no people who are politically discontented can be thoroughly prosperous or happy. But if the political troubles of Ireland were once settled it would be the happiest land on earth."

"Do you think that if home rule were granted the people would be content?"

"I don't know. You see the great hope of the Irish race for centuries has been complete deliverance from the British yoke. Every true born Irishman is a natural born rebel. Long years of persecution and suffering have sown deep the seed of racial hate and the crop thrives well in Irish soil. Children born there are from infancy taught the history of their native land. They learn the treasonable ballads, those glorious old songs of hope and despair. They hear the thrilling tales of the 'Wild Geese' and the Rapparees from the mouths of grey-haired rebels in the long winter evenings by the open fireside. The fierce loyal love for Ireland thus inoculated grows with the years and there is not a man old or young in all the land who fears to speak of '98' or any whose dearest wish is not for an opportunity in his brave magnificent manhood

'To strike one blow for you, dear land,
To strike one blow for you.'

"While you have such a spirit in the hearts of the youth of a country it is hard to set a limit to its political aspirations.

"The English government had in recent years a splendid opportunity of quelling this spirit. A good land bill making the tenant farmers of Ireland owners of their land with the independence and prosperity which that implies would have settled the Irish question. But that would necessitate the spending of money and the 'non-conformist conscience' is mortally opposed to paying even its just debts. Ireland is an agricultural country. Until it is made possible for the farmers there to live and prosper Ireland cannot be peaceable and content. But if that question were once fairly settled all other questions would settle themselves and Ireland, from being the Niobe of Isles, would become the happiest as it is the dearest land under heaven."

"How are the people off. Very poor?"

"They do not appear to be. They have not much money to be sure, at least not as much as the average man has here, but nowhere in Ireland will you find the squalid poverty with which the cities of prosperous England fairly reek. The ordinary workingman in Ireland is pretty well off. He has, in the rural districts, a far better house than the American workingman. He has his little plot of land adjoining. Scarlet-runners creep up around the windows and roses and pansies and different kinds of garden flowers grow beside his cottage door, and the sweetest flowers of all are the children, plenty of them, who with bare feet and fresh air pantaloons romp about regardless of all care. A group of Irish children is the healthiest thing there is and the pleasantest to look upon. The rosy cheeks and the sturdy legs of the little rascals! Ireland is a paradise for children anyhow.

"I have only one kick against Ireland, it is the promiscuousness of ecclesiastical laws. When home rule materializes I hope some of the bishops will get seats in parliament. They are born lawmakers and deserve a valid opportunity for exercising their wonderful gifts. The church in Ireland is a thing of beauty; it has no superior in Christendom; but it is putting on too many frills of late years I think. It should put out some of its candles and blot out some of its laws, particularly that law in a certain narrow-guage diocese which prohibits an American priest from saying mass in the church wherein he was baptized, spanked and confirmed, and close by which, perhaps, his parents rest in peace. Such a law is an outrage on common sense and common courtesy besides being opposed to the spirit of the church and the undoubted rights of traveling priests. It casts odious doubt and suspicion on a man's character in the place above all others where he should expect kindness and respect. And it belittles and debases and degrades and humiliates whatever decent priests are left in a diocese which at at least in other days was the most glorious in the Church of Patrick. It was made to be broken and it will be on every possible occasion. Anyhow I shall take every opportunity to record my indignant protest against it. There are some insults that one does not easily forgive or forget.

"No, I haven't any jokes. I did have some nice fresh ones but somehow the salt water got at them coming over and ruined them. I believe I have some few yards of original poetry which I'll be happy—What! you're going—well goodbye."

A TEXAN'S PATRIOTISM.

[*To the Editor.*]

As a Puro Tejano, of Irish birth, I hail with pleasure the launching forth of the Irish National Alliance, and trust in God that it will succeed in uniting, not alone Irishmen, but the lovers of liberty the world over. The dominant aspiration that thrills the souls of the nobler characters of the human family is "to be free!" This dream has ever been a charmingly soothing one to the weary wandering Celt, and he never tires of hoping to realize the awaking and rending with the magical wand of his strong arm the shackles forged by the Saxon upon his loved Ireland. The pleasant and well-meaning McCarthy and his followers are about as serviceable in the London parliament as they would be before a convention of London garroters begging for justice.

The set purpose of the British Empire is to wipe the Irish from the face of the earth, and of this purpose they have given us 800 years of the most satanical proofs that hell could assist their "Henglish Mad-jes-tis" to enforce. How can we pretend to be Irishmen and have faith in English justice? Why, the legions that Lucifer manipulates will do penance in "sackcloth and ashes" before England, of her own volition, will ever concede any right to Ireland. The pusillanimous inception of hope for Irish freedom, through English justice, makes the spirits of our martyred dead wail in despair for the valor of the Irish race. In the name of God and freedom let our 20,000,000 say to the Saxons:

Between your race and ours,
Be naked glaives and yawning graves,
And ceaseless tears and gore;
Till battle's flood wash out in blood
Your footsteps from our shore.

The man that fears the issue is unworthy of being an Irishman or a member of the Alliance. TEJANO.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

RUSHED DOWN A HILL

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON A PITTSBURG ELECTRIC LINE.

Car Loaded with Passengers Lands Bottom Upwards at the Foot and Kills Three—More Than a Dozen Wounded, Some Very Seriously.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 14.—By an accident last night on the Carnegie branch of the West End Traction road three persons were killed and twelve or fourteen people badly injured. The killed are: George Rothman, furniture dealer at Carnegie; Jacob Heisel, glass dealer, Carnegie; Mrs. Elizabeth Bishop, of this city. Injured: Michael Foley and wife, of Pittsburg, badly cut about head and body, both dangerously hurt; Professor Alexander Phillips, of Pittsburg academy, head and neck cut, serious; O. J. Baldwin, of Youngsville, Pa., skull fractured; Miss Emma Laughlin, Pittsburg, scalp wound, both legs crushed; Miss Pearl Hoon, Beaver Falls, scalp wound; unknown boy, bruised; Robert Willey, 10 years old, badly bruised; George Waddles, motorman, leg crushed and head cut; Frank McGuire, conductor, badly bruised; Mrs. Leetz and 6-year-old son, both badly crushed, condition serious O. J. Baldwin is not expected to live.

Ran Away on a Heavy Grade.

The names of others injured are not known, as they left the scene without being recognized. The accident happened to car No. 56 on the long hill coming to the West End on its way to Pittsburg. Just as the car started down the heavy grade the brake broke and it was soon beyond the control of the motorman. The speed became terrific, and when a sharp curve at the foot of the hill was reached the car made a wonderful leap, landing trucks uppermost in McCarthy's run, six or eight feet below the track grade. The accident occurred at a lonely spot, and it was quite a while before assistance reached the sufferers, who were wedged tightly in the wreck, which was most complete.

Miraculous That Any Escaped.

When the conductor saw that the car was beyond control he laid down on the floor and advised the others to follow his example. The killed were found wedged under the roof of the car, which had been smashed in upon them. The escape of any of those on the car was miraculous. The dead were brought to the Pittsburg morgue and the injured to the several hospitals.

FATAL FIRES ON PRAIRIE LAND.

Two Men and Two Boys Lose Their Lives in Manitoba.

WINNIPEG, Man., Oct. 14.—Four people were fatally burned near here while fighting prairie fires. Edward St. Germain, aged 12, was engaged with an elder brother in an endeavor to save several hay stacks, when their clothing caught fire. Edward was burned to a crisp and the elder brother so badly burned that he cannot recover. At another point some Canadian Pacific railroad employes were endeavoring to drive back the flames from the railroad property. Edward Lukyn, a section man, and a foreman name unknown, were surrounded by the flames and both perished. It is feared that other fatalities from prairie fires have occurred, as fires are raging on all sides.

Fatal and Costly Railway Wreck.

WATERBURY, Conn., Oct. 14.—A serious freight wreck occurred here last night when two parts of a broken train came together. Ten cars loaded with trotting horses, live stock and other exhibits from the Danbury fair which closed last week were crushed and thrown down a forty-foot embankment. Mazeppa, the famous champion trick horse of the world, valued at $40,000, was instantly killed, one man was fatally injured and two others seriously hurt. The injured are: George W. Lusgoe, groom, both legs broken, will die; Henry Thompson, Boston, cut about head; James McCarron, Boston, contusions, head, arms and body.

Bodies of the Miners Found.

STORY CITY, Ia., Oct. 15.—The bodies of the four miners who where imprisoned in the coal mine near here have been recovered. Their names were: Albert Peterson, Alexander Eastman, Inge Ingleman and George Payne. The men were all in the mine at the time of the accident. They found no way to escape from the mine and entered a cell, hoping to barricade the entrance and thus keep the smoke out, but it was impossible. The indications were that they died within a half hour after they commenced to fill the entrance to their retreat.

Drowned in the Patapsco River.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 14.—Four men were drowned by the capsizing of a pleasure boat in the middle branch of the Patapsco river. They were: Harry Stiner, ferryman; Fred Valkman, bartender; William A. Reynolds, baker, and James Huston, occupation unknown.

Found with His Skull Crushed.

METROPOLIS, Ills., Oct. 14.—The dead body of Amos Wallace was found in the woods near this city. His skull had been caved in against a tree where he had been thrown from his road cart. It is supposed that his horse ran away with him.

On the Alert for Filibusterers.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—The attorney general has received advices from southern Florida and the off-shore keys showing that the government officials are alert to prevent any filibustering expeditions leaving that section to assist the Cuban insurgents. So far as known, however, no overt acts have been committed recently.

Manley to Swing Around the Circle.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—The Herald says that Hon. Joseph H. Manley, chairman of the national Republican executive committee, will soon visit the Pacific slope for pleasure and politics. It is intimated that the "boom" of Hon. Thomas B. Reed will be looked after. In his swing around the circle Mr. Manley may sound public sentiment regarding issues, and also find out what offer each of the cities that are competing for the honor of housing the national convention has to make.

Explosion Kills Four Men.

SPRINGFIELD, Minn., Oct. 12.—A threshing engine near Mount Lake blew up, killing four men. The dead are: Joseph Schumacher, Jasper Malatte and two others unknown.

Something That Is Tolerated in Texas.

COLULA, Oct. 14.—Florentina Suarto, a Mexican, was lynched here for the murder of H. T. Saul, a stockman.

SCHOFIELD SCORED.

Captain Armes Discharged from Custody by Judge Bradley.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Judge Bradley of the district supreme court ordered the discharge from custody of Captain George A. Armes, who was arrested on the order of Lieutenant General Schofield just prior to the latter's retirement from command of the army for having written him an insulting letter. Judge Bradley scored the

CAPTAIN GEORGE A. ARMES, RETIRED.

action of the late general of the army, characterizing it as unlawful, tyrannical and capricious.

In discharging Captain Armes, whose arrest and confinement General Schofield had ordered by virtue of his position as acting secretary of war, Judge Bradley says: "The arrest and taking away of Armes into custody, carrying him away from his home to barracks and holding him in close arrest without any antecedent charge of crime preferred in any way against him was and is unjust, unlawful, arbitrary, tyrannical and capricious on the part of General Schofield in whatever capacity he acted, whether acting as lieutenant general or acting secretary of war. The petitioner is discharged."

Tho judge then went into the matter at considerable length and said: "No charge was preferred against Armes at the time of his arrest, no crime has been charged since, and for the offense alleged no arrest was necessary.

"The arrest and confinement were unlawful and oppressive. As the offense charged would upon substantiation result only in reprimand, suspension or dismissal, the possession of the body of the accused was not necessary to carry out the charges, as would have been the case if imprisonment or death was to be the sentence."

Speaking of the president's power in army matters the judge said: "The president of the United States is commander-in-chief of the officers of the army on the retired list. This function of the chief executive, however, is unaccompanied by harrowing care or weighty responsibility. His title commander-in-chief, so far as it relates to retired officers is shorn of all power to impose duties, and appears to be an empty name."

The judge advocate general's office of the war department has determined to take an appeal from the decision of Judge Bradley.

SEEMS A FATAL NOMINATION.

Judge Cook, Republican Nominee for Congress, Falls Dead at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—Death suddenly intervened in the deliberations of the state central committee, which met at the Great Northern hotel to arrange for the campaign in the Eighteenth congressional district, and to some extent contributed to bring them to an abrupt termination.

Judge Cyrus L. Cook, of Edwardsville, whose nomination by the Republicans of that district to succeed the late Congressman Reman was looked upon as an exceptionally strong one, expired suddenly in his room shortly after his arrival, and the sad and unexpected event left the committee practically without anything to do, and threw a gloom over its members.

The death of Judge Cooke has created a sort of superstition in the minds of the members of the committee. "I'd hate to be a candidate for the Eighteenth congreasional district after this," said Major Partridge, secretary of the state central committee, when he heard the announcement. "It does look as if something was wrong with that district. Here was Mr. Remann just barely elected when he is carried off by death, and now Judge Cooke, nominated to succeed him, and as good as elected, is also snatched suddenly away to his last account."

Says Allison Is in the Race.

DES MOINES, Oct. 14.—Chairman H. G. McMillan, of the Republican state central committee, gives out a formal interview in which he says: "Allison is now assured of strong support in the west and northwest. He has the certainty of the delegations from Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and New Mexico. Wisconsin is expected for him, but this is not yet certain. In the east he has a powerful influence working for him. Senator Quay Tom Platt, Joe Manley, J. S. Clarkson, and other leaders are at work for him. The west is coming to Allison. I know from correspondence and other inside information I have as to the progress of the work."

Funeral of General Mahone.

PETERSBURG, Va., Oct. 10.—The funeral of General William Mahone took place from St. Paul's Episcopal church and was very largely attended. The services were conducted by Rev. John Rideout, rector of Grace Episcopal church. The floral tributes were very handsome. The service at the church over the remains were escorted to Blandford cemetery by the Petersburg Greys, Confederate veterans and citizens, a detail of twenty veterans from R. E. Lee camp and delegations from the "Old Greys" society of Richmond and also a delegation from the soldiers' home of that city.

Defying the Monroe Doctrine.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Oct. 15.—An armed column of British soldiers is passing across Brazilian territory on the way to Venezuela. It is reported the column is to be used in maintaining British claims as to disputed boundary lines.

One Will That Was Sustained.

DES MOINES, Oct. 12.—The supreme court has overruled the motion for rehearing in the Beaver will case from Cedar Rapids, sustaining the will, which the heirs tried to break. One hundred thousand dollars was involved.

ELEVEN ARE DROWNED.

The Steamer Africa Goes to the Bottom in Lake Huron.

DETROIT, Oct. 10.—A special to The Free Press from Stokes Bay, Ontario, says: Reports indicate that the steamer Africa, of Owen Sound, is lost with all on board. Following is the complete list: Captain H. P. Larsen, Toronto; Mate William Anderson, Owen Sound; Chief Engineer Hay, Toronto; Second Engineer Edward Forest, Toronto; William Mann, Toronto; John King, Oakville; Miss Lee, cook, Toronto; two firemen; two deck hands, names unknown.

Went Down in Sight of Land.

The Africa and the schooner Severn, of Toronto, were on Lake Huron bound up with coal from Owen sound last Monday night. When twenty miles off Cove Island light both boats were making bad weather in the northwester raging, and the steamer let go of her consort. When last seen, from the Severn, the Africa was rolling heavily and suddenly disappeared from view. The Severn finally fetched up on the beach five miles north of Loyal island. She became a total loss. The crew was saved by some fishermen after being in the rigging twenty hours. The Africa's lifeboats and life-preservers were picked up on the island.

CAMPOS AND THE DYNAMITERS.

The Spanish General Takes Measures to Block Their Schemes.

HAVANA, Oct. 15.—The recent use of dynamite by the insurgents along the line of the railroad is causing the authorities grave uneasiness, and it has been considered necessary to employ some special measures to suppress the practice. Recently dynamite bombs have been hurled at railroad trains containing passengers and details of troops. With a view to checking it and preventing further attempts Captain General Martinez de Campos has published an order that all trees and bushes shall be cut down and all huts shall be removed within a distance of 200 yards of the railroad track on both sides.

Captain General de Campos also publishes an order which proclaims that he will continue his practice of pardoning all rebels who lay down their arms and surrender themselves to the authorities, except the chiefs. These latter are to be subject to the decision of the captain-general. As a further warning against the use of dynamite severe Spanish laws enacted in Spain in 1894 as a result of the attempt of Liceo at Barcelona are to be published here.

ADDRESS FROM THE DEBS UNION.

Appeal to Railway Employes and Greeting to Its Imprisoned Leader.

DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D., Oct. 15.—The general board of mediation of the A. R. U. has adopted the following addressed: "To the Railway Employes of America:"

"Though overwhelmed and shattered in the great strike of 1894, its members blacklisted and scattered, the union has risen and is lighting the way to industrial freedom. The railway interests of the country are rapidly passing under the control of a few men, and the only hope of employes lies in unification, and progressive men are active in their efforts to bring this about.

"To our beloved president, E. V. Debs: Although you are behind prison bars, deprived of your liberty by a corrupt and servile tool of corporations backed by a rotten administration, you live in the hearts of the common people. The employes of the Great Northern are with you as they were in 1894, and honor you as the leader who will yet lead to victory."

TRADE HELPED BY THE WEATHER.

Staples in Clothing Feel an Improvement—Other Business Notes.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Bradstreet's says: Cooler weather has stimulated a seasonable demand for staple dry goods, millinery and clothing, and jobbers in these lines in all parts of the country feel the improvement. Relatively most gain has been made at the south, where an improvement is reported in almost all lines. The more unfavorable features are found in disappointment at the moderation with which wheat is exported from week to week, the reported weakness in pig iron and steel billets, and the competition suffered by domestic woolen manufactures from abroad.

But an examination of these conditions indicates that if reports of the size of the wheat crop and of wheat stocks carried out, be accepted the average weekly exports from this country, if kept up to the end of the crop year, will exhaust the amount of wheat available for shipment abroad.

Official Returns at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 10.—The city election results have been made up officially. The returning board at 11 o'clock last night finished counting the vote cast. Thomas Taggart, Democrat, was elected by a majority of 3,722; Charles Stuckmeyer, Democrat, was elected city clerk by a majority of 1,117. The majority of Charles Cox for police judge was 1,189. Of the councilmen the Republicans elected seven, all ward councilmen, the Democrats carrying the six at-large and six in the wards.

Both Men Fell Dead.

GLOUCESTER, O., Oct. 14.—David C. Cooke, city marshal, was attacked on the street by ex-Night Marshal Elmer Donnally, who, from an old grudge, began firing at Cooke. Five shots were fired and both fell dead ten feet apart, Cooke with four balls in his breast, and Donnally with a bullet though his heart.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Captain CHARLES FORBES, member of President Lincoln's staff, at Washington.

CICERO BUCHANAN, silver tongued orator of southern Indiana, at Evansville, Ind.

General WILLIAM J. LANDRAM, veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, at Lexington, Ky.

Colonel HAMPTON L. DENMAN, at Washington.

Ex-Governor ELISHA P. FERRY, at Seattle, Wash.

CLARA DOTT BATES, the well-known authoress, at Chicago.

DEWEY A. TOWER, an old resident of Eldora, Ia.

H. H. RAGAN, the well-known lecturer, at Atlanta, Ga.

ANSON A. BIGELOW, prominent in commercial circles, at Chicago.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS REPORTED BY TELEGRAPH.

Some of the Principal Events of the Past Few Days Given in Condensed Form and Placed Together for the Convenience of Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 15.—A decision handed down by the supreme court establishes the rule that property of religious, charitable and educational organizations which is not used exclusively by these associations is subject to assessment for taxation. The case came before the supreme court on information filed by David Gore, auditor of public accounts, against the Young Men's Christian association of Peoria. The association erected a handsome five-story brick and stone building on one of the principal business streets of that city.

A portion of the building was used by the association for religious and other gatherings under its own auspices, for gymnasium, reading rooms, bath rooms and other purposes. The remainder of the building is rented to a bank, a title guarantee and abstract company and to a number of lawyers, dentists, doctors and insurance agents, at an aggregate rental of $11,000 a year. The property was appraised, and held subject to taxation by the auditor of state, who sent the case to the supreme court. The court holds that the property is not exempted by the sections of the revenue act which relieve church property from taxation, because it is not used exclusively for public worship.

The opinion states that as the case is presented it is not necessary to decide whether the property would be liable to taxation if used exclusively in carrying out the object and purpose of the Young Men's Christian association as expressed in its charter, which states that it is organized for "the improvement of the spiritual, mental, social and physical condition of young men." It is the opinion of the court that "because a part of the building may be so used the whole does not become exempt."

Funeral of Judge Cyrus L. Cook.

EDWARDSVILLE, Ills., Oct. 14.—Judge Cicero J. Lindley and W. A. Northcott arrived here in charge of the remains of Judge Cyrus L. Cook, late Republican nominee for congress, who expired suddenly at the Great Northern hotel, Chicago. Members of the Masonic order, a committee of the Madison county Bar association and a large delegation of citizens took charge of the body at the station and proceeded to the St. James hotel, where it lay in state until yesterday at 2 p. m., when the funeral took place. Rev. A. A. Kendrick, D. D., ex-president of Shurtleff college, conducted the religious services, after which the obsequies were in charge of the Masonic fraternity. Most of the members of the Republican state and congressional committees attended.

Springfield Electric Light Case Decided.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 15.—In the Sangamon circuit court Judge Shirley has decided the celebrated Springfield electric light case. A new electric light company known as the Capital Electric company was established here and the city agreed to pay $113 per light per year and at the end of five years the plant was to be turned over to the city without further cost. The company which then had the contract on lighting the city applied for an injunction against this action. Judge Shirley had granted a temporary injunction, but now has dissolved the injunction.

Illinois Women's Federation.

PEORIA, Oct 12.—Mrs. Candee was re-elected president of the Women's Federation, and in returning thanks recommended that the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs join the national federation. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith urged the establishment of a women's club in the State university at Champaign. Resolutions were adopted pledging the assistance of the women's clubs to the Armenians. Thanks were extended to Peorians and the press, and after a one-minute report from clubs the federation adjourned.

Gov. Altgeld Not a Candidate.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 10.—Governor Altgeld authorizes the statement that Secretary Hinrichsen had no authority to say in an interview in Chicago that he was a candidate for re-election as governor. The governor says he is not a candidate, and does not know whether he will be, and that he has given the matter no consideration at all.

Condition of Ex-Gov. Beveridge.

SANDWICH, Ills., Oct. 14.—Ex-Governor Beveridge's condition remains about the same. While he is not losing, he does not gain as might be hoped. There are no new complications in his case, though he is a very sick man, and any change in his condition is watched for with great anxiety.

The Illinois Eighteenth District.

LITCHFIELD, Oct. 15.—At the congressional committee meeting held here W. F. L. Hadley, of Madison county, was nominated as the Republican candidate for congress to fill the place of Cyrus L. Cook, deceased.

Sentenced to Death.

FREEPORT, Ills. Oct. 14.—Frank W Harris, who murdered Charles W. Bengal last May has been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

State Items.

Samuel Cote was instantly killed by a Chicago and Eastern Illinois passenger train while he was attempting to cross the tracks at Chicago. He was a carpenter, 24 years old.

Mrs. Ruby Cooper of Chicago, who was badly burned by a gas jet in a manicuring parlor at Atlanta, Ga., is lying at the point of death at the Grady hospital.

Rev. R. N. Baldwin of New York presented the Princeton, Ills., high school with $1,000 for a library in honor of the late Charles Baldwin.

Postmaster General Wilson has authorized the inauguration of the free delivery system in Urbana and Paris, Ills., Nov. 15. Each city will have three letter-carriers.

Clinton Hoots, bookkeeper in the First National bank at Mattoon, Ills., was seriously injured by a fall from a bicycle.

Dry Sunday at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 15.—Sunday was the first Sunday under the new administration, and despite the threats of the saloonkeepers that they would keep their places open, Indianapolis experienced a perfectly dry Sunday. Not a drop of anything was sold except in rooms in the big hotels and by side door entrances in the laboring districts. The police were unusually vigilant and receive the commendation of the "law and-order" element.

VOTED ON SILVER.

The Farmers' Congress at Atlanta Places Itself on Record.

ATLANTA, Oct. 15.—Soon after the Farmers' National Congress, which met here last week and has been holding daily sessions since, resumed its session yesterday morning, a sensation was sprung in the form of a fight on free silver which resulted in the complete defeat of the 16-to-1 forces. By a vote of 251 9-14 to 104 5-14 the congress refused to insert the words "at a ratio not to exceed 16 to 1" in a resolution asking congress to use both gold and silver on a parity, and calling for an international conference on the monetary question. The resolution was one which had just come from the committee on resolutions and was reported favorably. It was offered by Dr. J. G. Offut, a prominent delegate from Indiana.

In substance it deprecated the present condition of finance in this country and called upon the president of the United States to call an international congress of all nations willing to unite in the equal use of both gold and silver. Then the free silver delegates wanted the paragraph changed so as to read "willing to unite in the equal use of both gold and silver at a ratio not to exceed 16 to 1." Numbers of delegates jumped to their feet, and it was soon evident that the congress was opposed to the amendment. The question was first put viva voce, and the noes had it evidently. A vote by states was called for and resulted in the rejection of the amendment by a vote of 251 9-14 to 104 5-14. Georgia's delegation was divided. The states known as the silver states favored the amendment and the east, the north and the south voted almost solidly against it.

The fight was made squarely on the merits of the question, and the issue was in no way clouded with parliamentary technicalities. Those delegates who favored the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 voted for the amendment, and it was lost by a majority of 147. The victory of the "sound money" element in the congress was emphasized later in the day when a resolution declaring opposition to the further issue of interest-bearing treasury bonds or notes under any circumstances was lost. A resolution favoring congressional enactment against the beef trust was adopted.

CLOSE CALL FOR A HORROR.

Engine and Baggage Car on the Grand Trunk Plunges Into a River.

PETERSBOROUGH, Ont., Oct. 12.—The engine and baggage car on the Grand Junction branch of the Grand Trunk railway plunged into the Ontonabee river near this town through a lock bridge which had been carelessly left open. The first passenger coach, containing twelve persons, stopped at the brink of the river, the forward part projecting over the abutment, but the airbrakes held it from going further. The engineer jumped from his cab before the engine went down, and escaped unharmed. The fireman and baggageman and a traveling man, Mr. Marks of Toronto, were not so fortunate, and were carried down with the engine and baggage car. They managed to escape alive, though they were seriously injured.

Bank Failure at Omaha.

OMAHA, Oct. 12.—The Citizens' bank, a suburban institution, has passed into the hands of the state bank board. The trouble arose through bad loans, which the borrowers have been renewing until the bank could not carry them any longer. It is expected that the bank will pass into a receiver's hands in a few days. The state board says every dollar of liabilities will be paid in full.

Shot His Sweetheart.

EATON, Oct. 15.—John Monro Smith, aged 17, escorted home his sweetheart, Gertrude Lally, quarreled with her on the way, and arriving at the house, shot and fatally wounded her in the presence of her mother, and then surrendered to the sheriff.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.

Money on call nominally 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4½@6 per cent.; sterling exchange was firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 487½@487¾ for demand and 483½@483¾ for sixty days; posted rates 487@487½ and 488@488½; commercial bills, 486¼.

Silver certificates, 68½; sales 200,000; bar silver, 68. Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 123; do. coupons, 122¾; 5's reg. 116; 5's coupons, 116; 4's reg., 111¾; 4's coupons, 111¾; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Produce and Grain.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened 58¼c, closed 58¾; December, opened 60¼c, closed 60½c; May, opened 64¼c, closed 64½c. Corn — October, opened 29c, closed 27¾c; December, opened 27¾c, closed 27½c; May, opened 29½c, closed 29½c. Oats—October, opened 17¾c, closed 17¾c; December, opened 17¼c, closed 17½c; May, opened 20¾c, closed 20¾c. Pork—October, nominal, closed $8.45; January, opened $9.52½, closed $9.60. Lard—October, opened $5.75, closed $5.75; January, opened $5.80, closed $5.62½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 22c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; packing stock, 7@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 16½c per doz. Poultry—Spring chickens, 7c per lb; old hens, 7c; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 7c; ducks, 8½@9c; geese, $3.00@4.50 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 22@25 per bu; sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.50@1.75 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.00@2.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1 lb. sections, fancy, 15c; broken comb, 10@12c; extracted, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows; Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 26,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.15 pigs, $3.65@4.25 light, $3.50@3.70 rough packing, $3.75@4.25 mixed, and $3.75@4.20 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle — Estimated receipts for the day 25,000; quotations ranged at $3.20@5.55 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.45@5.10 good to choice do., $4.00@4.40 fair to good, $2.80@4.00 common to medium do., $3.35@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.25@3.00 stockers, $3.10@3.75 feeders, $1.30@3.30 cows, $2.40@3.75 heifers, $1.75@4.75 bulls, $2.85@3.40 Texas steers, $2.90@4.25 western range steers, and $3.00@4.00 veal calves.

Sheep — Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; sales ranged at $2.00@3.10 westerns, $1.75@2.40 Texas, $1.75@3.65 natives, and $3.60@4.50 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 14.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 67¾c; No. 1 northern, 60½c; December, 59½c. Corn — No. 3, 31c. Oats — No. 2 white, 19½c; No. 3 do., 18@18. Barley—No. 2, 40½c; sample, 27@41½c. Rye—No. 1, 40c.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, Oct. 14.

Wheat—Cash and October, 56c; December, 57½c; May, 63¼c; No. 3 soft, 60c. Corn—Cash, 31½c nominal; May, 29½c. Oats—Cash, 21c

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Oct. 9.

Mrs. William Smith, dead from fright; Ned Phillips, a rowdy, dying from bruises received, and Abe Stone, a miner, in a critical condition, are the chief sufferers from a riot provoked by Phillips at Grove City, Pa.

Yesterday was the twenty fourth anniversary of the great Chicago fire, and it was celebrated by the Fellowship and Marquette clubs last night at a banquet.

Secretary Carlisle and Assistant Secretary Hamlin will leave Washington tomorrow for Boston, where the secretary will speak at the dinner to be given Saturday evening by the Massachusetts Reform club.

For the first time in ten years the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor will be held in New York this year, beginning on Dec. 12.

The "Saints of God," in session at Grand Junction, Mich., predict that 1941 will be the end of time.

Charles Butt, of Springfield, O., is the father of a midget that weighs but one pound, and it would barely fill a quart tin cup. The child is now eleven days old.

Thursday, Oct. 10.

The 16-year-old son of W. E. Kints of Decatur, Ind., was drawn into a cane mill he was operating and fatally injured.

There is a scarcity of laborers at the new factories in Alexandria, Ind., and steps are being taken to secure the help from Chicago and other large cities.

The American Bottlers' Protective association has completed its annual session in Detroit. Chicago was chosen for next year's meeting.

Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross society, was the star speaker at the National Council of Women at Atlanta.

A fire in Portsmouth, Va., did damage exceeding $250,000, destroying over 1,000,000 feet of lumber, 1,000 bales of cotton, and 100,000 staves, besides warehouses of the Seaboard Air line and Old Dominion line of steamers.

Frederick Knodle, a Kansas City election judge under indictment for frauds at the recent election, has committed suicide.

Edgar Saltus, the author, married at Paris Miss Elsie Welsh Smith, granddaughter of John Welsh, of Philadelphia, formerly United States minister to Great Britain.

Friday, Oct. 11.

Three masked robbers broke into the house of Eugene McCarthy at Chicago, maltreated Mrs. McCarthy and the family and stole $35.

The city of La Paz, lower California, is reported to have been completely destroyed by a storm.

Tammany Hall, at New York, nominated the following ticket: County clerk, Henry D. Purroy; register, William Sohmer; justices of the supreme court, Charles H. Truax, Frederick Smythe and Charles U. MacLean; judges of the court of general sessions, Joseph Newberger and General Martin T. McMahon, judges of the city court, Robert A. Van Wyck, John S. Schuchman and Edward F. O'Dwyer.

The Porte's reply to the recent identical notes of the Powers is as usual evasive and unsatisfactory.

Emma, Rosa and Frances Kummer, 12, 10 and 8 years old, respectively, were run down by a work train on the Panhandle road at Chicago while they were picking up coal. Rosa will die.

Saturday, Oct. 12.

James H. Eckels, comptroller of the currency, who has been in Europe for six weeks, sailed from Southampton today for New York.

Lieutenant S. S. Pague, who shot at Colonel Crofton at Fort Sheridan recently, will probably be tried by court martial, General Merritt having taken steps to bring the matter before the war department.

Fire at Chatham, N. B., destroyed sixty buildings.

The air brakes prevented a railway horror at Peterborough, Ont., stopping the passenger coach on the brink of the lock there, the bridge having been left open. The engine crew jumped and escaped unharmed.

"Butch" Lyons, a Halsted street, Chicago, thug, was hanged in that city for the murder of Albert B. Mason.

A farmer near Minonk, Ills., proves by weight that his corn yields 116 bushels per acre. Every field has a heavy crop.

Monday, Oct. 14.

W. W. Taylor, the South Dakota defaulting state treasurer, gets two years in the penitentiary, instead of five, by the dictum of the state supreme court.

In the riots at Trebizond, started by Armenians, from 200 to 400 persons were killed and wounded. All is quiet there now.

The Griffo-Lavigne fight at Maspeth, L. I., was declared a draw, both men being on their feet at the end of the twentieth round. But Griffo was a badly beaten, though [illegible] man at the end of the "go."

Mrs. R[illegible], whose husband at San Francisco says she left him because he refused to read to her every day the complete report of the Durrant trial, is in Wausau, Wis., and says her husband is a falsifier.

The Black Hills country has just experienced its first earthquake shock. No damage was done.

The National Council of Women, which has been in session for a week at the Atlanta exposition, has adjourned.

The National Bankers' association, National Laundrymen's association, National Bond parliament and National Editorial association will meet at Atlanta this week.

A Stitch in Time

Saves nine, says the old proverb. Mr. J. F. Wassel, printer, Dwight, Ill., says: "I neglected what seemed a slight ailment until I became so broken down from rheumatism that I had to give up my work and became an invalid. I yielded to my wife's proposition to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used 2 bottles, have entirely recovered strength and enjoy life like a new man. My wife says

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Did it and insisted on my writing this."

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. 25c. per box.

THE BOY IN GRAY.

Fredericksburg had had her fray,
And the armies stood at bay.
Back of wall and top of hill
Union men and men in gray
Glowered at each other still.

In the space between the two
Many a hapless boy in blue
Lay face upward to the skies.
Many another just as true
Filled the air with frantic cries.

"Love of God!" with pity stirred
Cried a rebel lad who heard.
"This is more than I can bear.
General, only say the word,
They shall have some water there."

"What's the use?" his general,
Frowning, asked. "A Yankee ball
Drops you dead or worse half way
Once you go beyond the wall."
"Maybe," said the boy in gray.

"Still I'll risk it, if you please."
And the senior, ill at ease,
Nodded, growling under breath,
"For his mortal enemies
I have sent the lad to death."

Then a hotter fire began
As across the field he ran.
Yankee shooters marked a prey,
But beside each wounded man
Heedless knelt the boy in gray.

Parched lips hailed him as he came:
Throats with fever all aflame
While the balls were spinning by
Drained the cup he offered them,
Blessed him with their dying cry.

Suddenly through rain of those
Pattering shots a shout uprose.
Din of voices filled his ears;
Firing ceased, and eager foe
Made the welkin ring with cheers.

Foes they were of bitter need.
Still to every noble deed
Hearts of men, thank God, must thrill.
And we thrill, too, as we read
Of those cheers on Marye's hill.

Days of battle long since done,
Days of peace and blessing won.
Better is it to forget
Cruel work of sword and gun,
But some deeds are treasures yet.

While a grateful nation showers
Graves of heroes with her flowers
Here's a wreath for one today;
North or south, we claim him ours.
Honor to the boy in gray!

—Mary Bradley in St. Nicholas.

A CLEAR CASE.

Frank Vanbrugh held a good appointment on the staff of The Daily Argus, and always had more literary work on hand than he knew how to get through. He might therefore be considered a "rising" man. He had written a little book of essays, and the critics had told him that he had a style, which is perhaps the highest praise that critics deal in nowadays. On the other hand, his one volume novel had been pronounced crude, morbid and overambitious, and had gone into three editions, whence it may easily be seen that he was on the road to a popular success. He had begun to know this, chiefly by the kind of circulars that now reached him in halfpenny wrappers. They used always to be advertisements of patent fuel, new stoves, or outfitters' warehouses. They now proved to contain notices of press cutting firms and booksellers' catalogues—a significant change. "Is this fame?" he once asked himself when he was requested to send his photograph and a sketch of his early life to an American newspaper. On second thoughts he concluded that, although it could not be called fame, it might mean success, and he went on his way rejoicing.

But even a moderate success like his has its drawbacks, as he discovered to his cost.

Like most journalists he was not a very early riser, and it was with a feeling of distinct irritation that he heard one morning while he was still in his bath the announcement of a visitor.

"Coming," he roared through the door to the adjacent sitting room, and proceeded to dress himself in a leisurely manner, wondering meanwhile whether this early caller were a printer's devil or a dun.

He looked a personable young fellow as he came out of his room, of middle height, muscular, brisk, erect, with a keen hawk's eye, dark hair that curled wherever it was long enough to get a chance, a quick, bright manner, and a smile that was very attractive. His air of health, strength and joyousness made him a curious contrast to the stranger whom he found in his sitting room, a man who might be any age between 30 and 50, sallow, worn, indescribably fatigued looking, with a long, fair mustache, a downtrodden look and decidedly shabby clothes of somewhat foreign cut.

He made a profound bow when Vanbrugh entered and stood clasping his picturesque felt hat to his side in an attitude of humble expectancy, while his host, glancing at him carelessly, asked him to be seated, and himself took his usual place near his desk.

"I am ashamed to intrude upon you," said the man, speaking in a low, fluent voice not unpleasant to the ear, "but the fact is that Messrs. Malling recommended me to call upon you"—

"Eh?" said Vanbrugh. He suddenly remembered an account that he had lately seen in the papers of a man who visited authors with false testimonials and messages from publishers, and he wondered if this were the man. Certainly Messrs. Malling & Son were his publishers. "Have you a letter from Mr. Malling to me?" he asked rather sharply.

The stranger lifted his hand deprecatingly. "Not from Mr. Malling," he said in a gentle voice, "but I have a letter to show you. Mr. Malling said that I ought to show it to you. He was very kind, but of course he could not find me work to do. It is work that I am in search of, sir, and unless I find it I dare not think of what will happen to my wife and children."

He paused and put one long, lean hand over his eyes, as though to keep out the picture.

"What sort of work do you want?" said Vanbrugh, fidgeting with his papers.

"Copying, typewriting, shorthand from dictation. Anything to keep the wolf from the door. My poor little girls—sir, on Christmas day I had nothing to give them but bread and cheese—I could not bear to see them crying, and I locked myself in my room away from them. But why should I tell you such pitiful details? Read this letter and you will see that it is no fault of my own"—

His voice choked a little, and he held out the letter with a shaking hand. Frank looked at him doubtfully. Either he was a splendid actor, or his emotion was sincere. Vanbrugh had learned by bitter experience to be suspicious of strangers, but he was inclined to believe in this man's veracity.

The paper in his hand bore an engraved crest, an address with which he was well acquainted. He turned to the last page to see the signature—it was one which he knew well, and the letter, addressed to Malling, the publisher, gave a glowing account of the bearer's abilities and past achievements.

"Your name, then," said Vanbrugh, keeping his eye on the letter, "is Charles Simmonds?"

"Yes—yes—at your service, if there is anything I can possibly do for you. I have had nothing to do for the last three months owing to an illness from which I have only just recovered. If you have any copying"—

"But I don't want anything copied," said Vanbrugh in rather a perplexed tone. "I do all my work myself. And—I don't know, but perhaps—if you called at The Daily Argus office tomorrow about 4 or 5 I might have heard of something"—

He was almost abashed by the man's eager gratitude. "You give me new hope," he cried, starting up, as if he could no longer endure to remain seated. Then his face fell, the fire died out of his blue eyes and his hands fell helplessly to his sides.

"My poor wife—my children!" he muttered. "Must I go home empty handed once again? Sir, if of your great goodness you could but lend me a poor half crown. I will faithfully"—

"Oh, good Lord," said Vanbrugh, shocked more by the smallness of the request than by anything else, and touched also, he scarce knew why, "here's a trifle! If you can make any use of it—you needn't mention it again—it is nothing"—

But they were two sovereigns that found their way into the visitor's long, lean hand.

"I suppose it's a genuine case," said Vanbrugh to himself rather ruefully when the impecunious literary man had taken his departure and the donor of the sovereigns had had time to reflect upon his gift and the very effusive burst of gratitude that had followed it. "It sounded real enough. And that letter from James Desmond. That was certainly in his own hand. However, when I've time, I'll go round to Malling's and see what they know about him."

He had light on the subject before he went to Messrs. Malling. He turned into his club that afternoon and met Desmond, a writer of some repute, upon the steps.

"Oh," said Vanbrugh, after greeting him, "what about that man Simmonds you sent to Malling"—

"Simmonds, my dear boy? Capital fellow; very clever; died a year and a half ago."

"Eh?"

"Oh, I see!" said Desmond, falling into a roar of laughter. "I've heard something of this kind before. There's a man going round begging under that name, isn't there? And you've been hit? How much did he get out of you? Motley gave him £5."

"I didn't lose so badly as that," said Vanbrugh trying to laugh too, "but he had me I must confess. Then he didn't come from Malling?"

"Bless your innocence, no. He's a swindler, my boy, a downright swindler."

"And a very clever one. I wish I could get hold of him again!" said Vanbrugh grudgingly. "A clear case of the worst kind of theft."

He had his wish rather sooner than he anticipated.

A few weeks later in the season he was taking a short cut to the Strand through some of the narrower and less frequented streets near Drury lane, when his attention was caught by a figure on the pavement which seemed vaguely familiar. Where had he seen before that shabby, jaunty figure, with the soft felt hat, the indescribable air of poverty stricken picturesqueness? Vanbrugh had an eye for likenesses. In another minute he held the man by the arm. It was the swindler indeed—the so called Charles Simmonds himself.

But the man was more agile than Vanbrugh thought. He turned a white, terror stricken glance on his captor, then wrenched himself free and dived down a narrow lane on his right hand. Heedless of consequences, Vanbrugh plunged in pursuit through the crowd, but the man was evidently well acquainted with the mazes of the streets, and was speedily lost to view. Vanbrugh, perceiving his pursuit to be useless, stopped short, and found himself in a narrow alley, which his instinct told him was "dangerous." The sinister folk who lounged about it belonged unmistakably to the criminal classes. As he had no mind to be despoiled of his watch or his purse, he shrugged his shoulders and prepared to depart, but at that moment his eye was caught by a face which peered at him from an upper window and retreated—the very face, with its long, fair mustache, of the man of whom he was in search. Vanbrugh, as will be evident to every reader of these pages, was not a prudent man. In at the open door of the house, and up the common stair he dashed, quite heedless of the probability that he was rushing headlong into a den of thieves. He had as quick an eye for locality as for likenesses, and knew at once the exact position of the room at the window of which he had seen the pseudo Simmonds. He went straight to the door, threw it open and walked in.

He looked round and stood aghast. No man was in the room at all. It was tenanted only by a tall girl in black, who sat at a table on which stood a sewing machine.

As soon as Vanbrugh looked at her and met her eyes he felt vaguely startled and taken aback. Why, this girl, in spite of her shabby clothes, her sewing machine, her poor surroundings—this girl was a lady. Her pale face was exquisitely refined. Her hair shone like spun gold above her common gown. Her eyes were so proud, so sad, so calm, that Vanbrugh's gaze fell beneath them.

"Do you want anything?" she said, and her voice was the voice of a lady too.

"I beg your pardon," said Vanbrugh, removing his hat. "I thought I had tracked a man to this room—a swindler, a thief, whom I have long been in search of—but I was mistaken, perhaps"—

"There is no thief here," said the girl briefly and began to work her machine as if to put an end to the colloquy. But her face had crimsoned and then turned white.

Vanbrugh made one step to her side and put his hand on her wrist.

"You know where he is," he said sternly. "He has passed through this room. Ah, there is a door"—

He dropped her wrist and would have striddden to the little wooden door which he had not at first observed had not the girl, casting aside her mask of calm and quiet, thrown herself upon him and barred the way.

"Oh, stop, stop, if you have any mercy!" she cried. "Don't follow him. Don't go that way. I know what you have come for, but it is not altogether his fault. Oh, won't you listen? Won't you be merciful?"

Vanbrugh's position suddenly struck himself as humiliating and ridiculous. He had wanted to catch the swindler certainly and had rather thought of giving him a thrashing instead of handing him over to the police, but it was absurd to be implored in this manner, as if he were a monster of cruelty. Of course the girl was the man's accomplice, but she was a very pretty girl.

"Merciful?" he said. "You seem to know all about it. This man who calls himself Simmonds, what is his real name, by the way?"

She looked at him mutely, and he understood that he would get no answer to that question.

"What is your own name? Can you tell me that?" he asked, with more roughness of manner than he quite meant to show.

"My name is Dora Simmonds," she answered, and he could see that she was trembling.

"The wife of the man I am looking for, I suppose?"

"No," she answered, while the red blood surged to her brow and made her for the moment a living image of shame, "his daughter."

Vanbrugh's face seemed to have caught a tinge of color from hers. He felt the shame of her heart as if it had been his own. "Forgive me," he said at last in his impulsive way. "I—I did not understand. I will go."

He had scarcely reached the door before she stopped him. "If you will tell me," she said, "what my father took—from you, I'll pay it back—indeed I will. If I work my fingers to the bone, I'll pay it back—and then you will—perhaps—not wish so much—to—punish him"—

"I don't wish anything. It was only a trifle—a mere nothing. Don't think of it again."

"But I must think of it," she cried, clasping her hands together. "I must think of it. I cannot bear my life unless I try to undo the harm that he has done."

Vanbrugh's heart swelled with pity. But even as he tried to think of words with which to console her she covered her eyes with one hand to conceal her tears, and shut the door suddenly in his face.

"I wonder—have I been taken in again?" said the journalist as he descended the rotten stairs.

A few days afterward he found in his letter box a little packet inscribed with his name. It proved to contain 10 shillings, and a businesslike indorsement: "First installment. Dora Simmonds." A week later a similar packet was left in the box, and then Vanbrugh vowed within himself that he would find out more about that girl whose wan yet lovely face had begun to haunt him in his dreams or die in the attempt.

He sought out the street in which he had been living, but she and her father were gone. He made inquiries in vain.

At last, by pure accident, he came upon her as she was descending the stairs that led to his rooms. It was twilight, and he caught her by the arm.

"I have found you," he said. "You have been putting that money into my box again?"

He spoke almost angrily, and the color came into her pallid face—more pallid, more worn by suffering, than when he had seen her last.

"If I did," she answered, "it was the right thing to do."

"Did your father tell you?"

"Yes."

"But he—did he"—

"I earned the money," said the girl, with a resentful flash of her eyes—"earned it honestly by needlework, if you wish to know. My father was glad for me to pay it back. He—he had been very much tempted—and I am sure he will not do anything like it—again."

Vanbrugh thought of Motley's £5 and felt doubtful. "How did he come by that letter?" he asked. "Is his name Charles Simmonds or not?"

"Charles Simmonds was my uncle. The letter was written about him, and my father—he has made use of it—twice, I believe," she answered, her voice sinking into low accents of grief and shame. "It was all for my sake—he could not bear to see me working hard—and now he is overwhelmed by grief and contrition"—

Vanbrugh reflected that so good an actor as her father could no doubt make her believe what he chose. There was a colder tone in his voice as he said:

"Bring that letter to me, so that he cannot be tempted again, and take back your money, Miss Simmonds."

"You do not believe me! You do not believe him!" she cried vehemently. "But I will bring you the letter. He would starve rather than use it again."

She flung away into the darkness, and Vanbrugh felt ashamed. By one of the next day's posts the letter from James Desmond was returned to him, but without a word from Dora or her father. Yet Vanbrugh managed to intercept her when she brought the last installment of the money, though how he managed to do it no one ever knew.

He began abruptly: "I feel degraded by taking this money from you. I would sooner—far sooner—that all I had was yours. Miss Simmonds, will you marry me?"

"Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Vanbrugh?"

"I love you with all my heart, Dora."

"It is impossible. You don't know anything about me."

"I know that you are the noblest girl in the world. But I do not love you for that. I love you because I can't help it. I have loved you I believe ever since I saw you first. Can't you care for me, too—a little?"

He tried to take her hand, but Dora drew herself away. "I shall never marry," she said. "My father— He was not like it once," she broke off to say tremblingly, "but he gambles—and you know what that means."

Yes, he knew. But he knew also that Dora loved him, and he was content.

Nevertheless he might never have called her his wife had not her father's career been cut short. He fell under the hoofs of the omnibus horses one slippery winter's day, and was carried to a hospital only to linger a few hours. Vanbrugh joined Dora at his side, and hand in hand they watched and waited during the last moments of the gambler's wasted life.

In spite of Dora's representations, it must be confessed that Vanbrugh had always looked on her account of her father's penitence as a pious daughterly fiction. And so he might always have thought had not the dying man opened his eyes at the last moment, looked him full in the face, and raised himself up by one supreme last effort to say a word in Vanbrugh's ear.

"Forgive!" he said, and sank back on his pillow dead.

It was always Frank Vanbrugh's opinion afterward that his wife's pitying estimate of her father's character had been truer than his own.—Woman at Home.

His Client on the Jury.

"I had a case before Judge Williams," said Lawyer Charles M. Hardy, "and as I was engaged at the same time in other courts I paid some bailiffs to watch the call in Judge Williams' court and notify me when the case in which I was interested came on for hearing. My client was also in the court, looking out for the case. Suddenly the bailiffs came to me and notified me that the case was on, and I hurried to the court, but only to find that the jury had been impaneled in my absence, and the opposing lawyer was opening his argument. Judge Williams seemed a little bit out of temper that day, and he said to me: 'Mr. Hardy, we cannot wait here for anybody after a case is called.' I glanced over the jury and said I had an objection to make. Counsel for the other side promptly said it was too late for objections so far as the jury was concerned, and the learned judge agreed with him. And then, in my turn, I heartily agreed with both of them.

" 'Yes, it's quite true that it's too late to make an objection,' I said, 'and I withdraw it. Why I foolishly wanted to object was because you've got my client on the jury that has been impaneled to try his own case, but I'm now satisfied to leave him there, because I believe he's well able to look after his own interests in that advantageous position.'

"And it was a fact. In hurriedly picking out talesmen in the courtroom they had rounded up my client among the rest, and though he rose to his feet a few times to protest and explain they wouldn't listen to him, but swore him in with the other 11 jurors to try his own case. Well, after the consternation caused by what I told them they wanted to withdraw a juror—my bewildered client—and impanel another juror, but I objected, and the objection went. The case was continued, and when it was finally reached, more than 12 months after that, I won it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sir Douglas Galton on Aluminium.

The recent meeting of the British association at Ipswich was opened by the usual presidential address delivered by Sir Douglas Galton, who, to use Lord Kelvin's words, has been "for a quarter of a century the mainstay of the British association." Sir Douglas Galton's address was in no sense sensational or epoch making, but its review of the progress of science contained some interesting facts. Perhaps the most quotable passage is that in which he dealt with the future of aluminium. If, by means of the wasted forces in our rivers or of the wind, the extraction of aluminium be still further cheapened, the metal or its alloys may, he holds, not only be utilized in increasing the spans of our bridges and in affording strength and lightness in the construction of our ships, but "we may hope to obtain a material which may render practicable the dreams of Icarus and of Maxim and for purposes of rapid transit enable us to navigate the air." We regret to have to add that the strain of reading his address proved too great for Sir Douglas Galton's strength, and that he had to resume his seat before the end was reached. We are glad to think, however, that his indisposition was but temporary.—London Spectator.

Immense Forests.

A faint idea of the vastness of our forests in the Willapa valley, Washington, says the Frances News, can be formed by the fact that by building a short spur of from 1½ to 2½ miles of track a body of timber can be tapped which contains about 80,000,000 feet. This is the estimate made by two men of sound judgment on the timber business.

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It has not been led away by the Ignis fatuus of English Whiggery, and has fought the good fight and kept the faith, while weaker brethren, even while the Prophet was on the mountain, bowed down and adored an idol in the desert. It is the premier organ of true Irish Nationality, and, as such, should be supported by the people it has championed. THE CITIZEN has kept the colors of Irish Independence nailed to the mast, heedless of the wrath of Ireland's foes. The friends of Ireland should, therefore, sustain it in a manner worthy of the cause.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 19, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Too Much Johnson."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Town Topics."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Donnelly & Girard.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniels.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Julia Marlowe Taber.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Mme. Sans Gene."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Capt. Paul."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Rush City."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Delmonico's at 6."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

GRAND RALLY FOR IRISH INDEPENDENCE.

THE CITIZEN hails with pleasure the following official circular, issued from the Headquarters of the Irish National Alliance on Monday, addressed to every delegate to the late Irish National Convention, and to all Irish-Americans who are disposed to aid the cause of their mother country:

NEW YORK, Oct. 14, 1895.

In pursuance of the resolutions unanimously adopted at the convention of Irish Nationalists held in Chicago on Sept. 24, 25 and 26 last, inaugurating and establishing the Irish National Alliance, whose object is the attainment of the complete national independence of Ireland, we request that public meetings be held in your several districts to form councils of the Alliance and thereby enable the work of organization to proceed.

We suggest that no more appropriate date for the holding of such meetings can be fixed than Saturday, the 23d day of November next, a day rendered sacred to the cause of Irish independence by the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien twenty-eight years ago.

Charters for councils can be obtained by applying to the secretary of the Irish National Alliance.

WILLIAM LYMAN,
81 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, President.

P. V. FITZPATRICK,
184 Twenty second street, Chicago, Treasurer.

JOHN P. SUTTON,
81 East One Hundred and Twenty-Second street, New York, Secretary.

We earnestly hope that the foregoing circular will receive immediate attention from all to whom it is addressed. Irish-Americans cannot be too active in forwarding the good work. The holding of public meetings simultaneously throughout the United States on Nov. 23 is a happy thought on the part of President Lyman and his associates in office. Halls should be secured at once, and that will be the chief expense. No speaker should be invited to address the people who is not thoroughly in sympathy with the movement for the complete independence of Ireland. No Whigs or trimmers are wanted. The moral campaign against England must be bold and aggressive if it would surely pave the way for sterner measures. We hope the Tories may remain in power long enough to involve England in a first-class war. It is Ireland's best hope of final liberation. We call upon the Irish-Americans of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mo.; Cincinnati, Cleveland, O.; Peoria, Ill.; Milwaukee, Fond-du-lac, Madison, Ashland, West Superior, Chippewa Falls, Wis.; Elgin, Aurora, Rockford, Joliet, Braidwood, Alton, East St. Louis, Mattoon, Ottawa, Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, O.; Spring Valley, LaSalle, Ill.; Quincy, Ill.; Cairo, Ill.; Detroit, Hancock, Houghton, Marquette, Grand Rapids, Ishpeming, Negaunee, Muskegon, Mich.; St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Minn.; Nashville, Memphis and Chattanooga, Tenn.; Atlanta, Augusta and Savannah, Ga.; Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.; Houston, Galveston, Austin, San Antonio, Fort Worth, Dallas, Waco and Sherman, Texas; Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Lafayette and Richmond, Ind.; Iowa City, DesMoines, Dubuque, Cedar Rapids, Keokuk, Creston, Davenport, Ia.; Little Rock, Hot Springs and Helena, Ark.; Omaha, South Omaha and Lincoln, Neb.; Topeka and Leavenworth, Kan.; New Orleans, La.; Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Granite, and Great Falls, Mont.; San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Cal.; Santa Fe, N. M.; Tucson, Ariz.; Sioux City, Ia.; Portland, Ore.; Tacoma, Seattle, Walla Walla, and Port Townsend, Wash.; and all other cities and towns of the West and South to kindle the watch-fires of Irish liberty anew by holding public meetings and organizing councils of the Irish National Alliance on the anniversary of the martyrdom of the Men of Manchester. Our brethren in the East will do their duty. Let us see to it that we do ours. Let us prove to the sneering enemies of our race and cause that Irish national sentiment has grown strong instead of weak since it went to sleep, under the spell of Parnell's splendid delusion, fifteen years ago. If Anglo-Americans challenge our right to actively sympathize with Ireland's struggle for independence, make answer that loyalty to liberty is loyalty to America. If Englishmen deny the right of Ireland to be free, answer them in the words of one of their own countrymen—the truest English friend that Ireland ever knew—"Tyranny is not government, and allegiance is due only to protection!"

LORD SACKVILLE, D.F.

The most humiliating feature of Ireland's subjection to England is the consciousness that a brilliant race is held in slavery by the stupidest set of human bullocks that ever dwelt on earth. Was ever a greater fool—Don M. Dickinson calls him "an infernal ass"—born than Lionel Sackville-West, now Lord Sackville? He is not alone a fool but a quaking coward. Nobody but a fool and a coward could imagine for a moment that any sane Irish-American would attack, or in any way injure, an accredited representative of any foreign nation to this country. What possible good could accrue to Ireland from the assassination of a British minister to Washington? Such an act would set all America and, indeed, the whole civilized world, against the cause of Ireland, and justly so. However Irish-Americans may hate the English in their relation to Ireland, they have profound respect for the American government, and would never, under any circumstances, injure anybody protected by the American flag. If Lord Sackville were not an idiot of the most pronounced type, he would have known this, and thus saved himself from being bled by the blackmailing banditti of our national capital, who "worked him," to use their own elegant phraseology, "for all he was worth." While Lord Sackville was about his confessions, why didn't he give the name of the Dime Museum man of Gotham who offered him $2,000 a week if he would exhibit himself as a freak of nature. It was a most liberal offer. Two dollars a sitting would have been ample remuneration for Lord Sackville.

THE BIGOTS AND THE "FOREIGNERS"

The executive committee of the A. P. A. (which may be translated Orange-American Association) is generous with advice to its lodges, in regard to "foreigners"—particularly Catholic foreigners. We notice that many A. P. A. newspaper organs, chiefly obscure sheets, continue to abuse, belie and belittle the Irish citizens of this country. This is their mission in life—assisted oftimes by vicious or unthinking doughfaced "Catholic" editors, who cannot see beyond their ill-developed noses. There are many good men among the Catholic journalists, but short sightedness is a prevalent failing of the fraternity. Abuse of radical Irish nationalism is sweetest moral, or immoral, nectar to the Orange-American bigots. These latter attempt to make it appear that the Irish-American soldiery furnished most of the deserters during the Civil War, notwithstanding the official denial of the American war office, and the glorious fact that the Sixty-ninth Regiment of Meagher's Irish Brigade stood highest in the percentage of killed and wounded of all the 300 regiments sent to the front by the Empire State; and the further glorious fact that two other regiments of the same brigade, the Sixty-third and Eighty-eighth New York Volunteers, were among the fifty regiments of the Union army that had the highest per centage of loss. But the Orange-American editor will not read these facts, or, if he does, will suppress them after the hereditary manner of his kind. Thirty-nine per cent, at a moderate war office computation, of the Union army was made up of foreign born citizens—a very large proportion when we compare their number with that of the native born population. John Savage in his "Muster of the North," written when the war was at fever heat, gives a fine picture of the ardor of the adopted citizen in defending the American flag, thus:

And they who, guided by its stars,
Sought here the hopes they gave,
Are all aglow with pilgrim fire
Their happy shrines to save.
Here Scots and Poles, Italians, Gauls
With native emblems trickt,
There Teuton corps who fought before
Fur Freiheit und fur Licht;
While round the flag the Irish
Like a human rampart go,
They found cead mille failthe here—
They'll give it to the foe!

From the Vineland, from the Rhineland,
From the Shannon, from the Scheldt,
From the ancient homes of genius
From the sainted home of Celt,
From Italy, from Hungary
All as brothers join and come,
To the sinew bracing bugle
And the foot propelling drum—
Too proud beneath the starry flag
To die and keep secure
The liberty they dreamed of by
The Danube, Elbe and Suir!

A WORD TO ENGLISH SNEERERS.

It is fortunate for us of the Irish race that a great daily and weekly press exists in the American republic, because, otherwise, the bare faced lies of the English and Orange newspapers would utterly overwhelm us. American editors are, too frequently, inclined to carp at the spirit and practice of Irish Nationalism, but, after all, they are our countrymen and fellow citizens, and they, at least, give fair reports of our proceedings. An occasional scolding from American editors is a wholesome tonic, if we regard their crankiness in a philosophical way, and, perhaps, it has the effect of bracing us to more determined action. Indeed, we would rather depend on the inherent love of liberty in a real American journal than rely upon the most gushing expressions of friendship from a truly British publication. The Americans misjudge us, and sometimes misrepresent us, from actual want of knowledge of our cause; but the British belie us, as they have always done, from motives of pure malignity. Just as a man who injures another hates him for the injury he has inflicted, much more than the injured party resents the wrong, so England and the English hate Ireland and the Irish for the evils they have inflicted upon them. In reading the pages of Storey, William III's chaplain; Bishop Burnet, Macaulay and Froude, we have often wondered how the Irish race preserved a shred of decent reputation, in either a social, political or martial sense, in the face of their execrable slanders. No lie was too base for their pages. The object, of course, was to destroy the character of the Irish people in order that English usurpation and robbery might be justified.

In the British press of today we see this base history repeat itself. The Chicago Convention stirred up all their bile, and the personal attacks made upon Mr. Finerty, in particular, recall the abuse heaped upon O'Connell, Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchel, O'Mahony, Stephens and, in fact, every Irishman who dared to say that Ireland has a right to be governed by the children of her womb, rather than by a garrison of rapacious foreigners. And the so-called English "Liberal" papers are even more blackguardly in their attacks than those edited by Tories. Well, hatred begets hatred, and, when thoroughly aroused, we of the old Irish blood make excellent haters. We fully reciprocate the hatred of our hereditary foes, and, please God, some day we will be able to give it more practical expression. The only English newspaper that has not joined in the general chorus of execration against the recent Convention and its promoters is *Reynolds'*, which may be classed as the organ of the English Chartists, or Republicans, with whom the Irish people have no quarrel. But English Republicans are pretty scarce, and only survive to show that some spark of manhood still exists in a country that has been the chief bulwark of the devil on this planet for nearly a thousand years.

We have often been asked, Do you hate the English in a personal sense? Not unless they are actively offensive. They have some virtues—one of which is an intense pride in their native country and in their English blood, language and literature. This they carry with them even through successive generations born off English soil, as, for example, in this country. We wish the Irish were like them in this respect. It is the only English characteristic we would like them to possess. If the Irish were as malignant, as determined, as terrible in their hatred against the English as the latter are against them, Ireland would not be an English province for a single year. The English cannot abide the thought that such a country as Ireland exists. Their hatred is so deadly that we have heard them, in unguarded moments, even when pretending to be personally friendly, wish Ireland were sunk a thousand fathoms under the seas. This is the sublimity of hatred. We positively envy the English their Satanic energy of detestation.

Socially, of course, many Englishmen are, apparently, amiable and many English women charming. In business relations they are generally honest and agreeable; but, racially and politically, they are intense egotists, and cannot endure rivalry or opposition. They abhor, and even despise, Ireland and the Irish, and they will continue to do so, until, as O'Connell once said, in a moment of exasperation, a younger, and bolder, generation arises, with redder blood in their veins and more gall in their hearts. The Irish have not been desperate enough in dealing with England. They fought well, it is true, in other days, but they never manifested that fanatical patriotism, that contempt for the opinion of other races, which eventually made Greece and Italy free, and which will finally end in the emancipation of Cuba from the Spanish yoke. The Irish have been splendid soldiers—on as well as off their native soil—but they have never yet been revolutionists, such as Bozzaris, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Maceo. The English know this well. They know that the Irish are a pious, humane and good natured race, rarely bloodthirsty—never so, in fact, unless under pressure of active and immediate persecution, as in 1798, in 1882 and in dealing with the exterminating landlords at different periods. To kill anybody, no matter how guilty, in cold blood, is foreign and abhorrent to an Irishman's nature. The slaying of the wretch Carey by O'Donnell was the result of a fierce, uncontrollable impulse of horror and detestation of the Irish Judas on the part of his impetuous executioner.

The English are well acquainted with this peculiar softness of the Irish disposition, and play upon it. Except the Americans, no race has committed less political crime than the Irish, and they have suffered for it. Their very humanity has caused their brutal persecutors to laugh at them and to taunt their courage. The Irish heart is dauntless as the lion's, but the Irish nature is merciful as that of woman. In subduing Ireland, England did not depend on her soldiery alone. The dagger, the poisoned cup and the process of starvation were employed successively to complete her conquest. Ireland has not imitated her—never using the dagger except on one occasion, and that not by the act, will or knowledge of the Irish nation. Had England been dealing with Greeks, Italians or Cubans how different would have been her experience! How truly the poet, Duffy, has described the English and Irish mode of warfare:

They smote us with the swearer's oath,
and with the murderer's knife,
We, in the open field will fight fairly for
land and life;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs,
and by our hopes today,
One of us twain will fight their last, and
be it we or they!

They banned our faith, they banned our
lives—they trod us into earth,
Until our very patience stirred their
bitter hearts to mirth:
Even this great flame, which wraps them
now, not we but they have bred—
This is their own work and now—their
work be on their head!

We warn the English press and people to avoid arousing the slumbering devil in the merciful Irish nature by their jeers and taunts. Let them leave well enough alone, and let them, by all means, give God—if they have any God but Mammon—thanks that they have had to deal with a brave but simple, religious and tender-hearted people, who have no desire for desultory bloodshed, rather than with Hellenes, Latins and mulattos, who don't stand on ceremony, and take their chances of salvation, while battling for freedom, with bursting bombs and dripping daggers.

JOSEPH MEDILL'S GIFT.

The Hon. Joseph Medill, editor-in-chief of the Chicago *Tribune*, will present to Lincoln Park a bronze statue of Benjamin Franklin, to be of heroic size, and to be placed on the southwest corner formed by the intersection of the main driveway and the road leading westward past the menagerie building. Mr. Medill will also bear the expense of the grading for the base and pedestal of the monument. This generous gift to Lincoln Park by the Dean of Chicago journalists is most appropriate. Benjamin Franklin was a practical printer; so, too, was Joseph Medill. Benjamin Franklin was an ardent American patriot; so, too, is Joseph Medill. Nothing could be happier than this selection of a gift to Lincoln Park by the veteran journalist.

AN ENGLISHMAN NOT AN ENEMY.

Not all Englishmen are enemies of the independence of Ireland. History tells us that the Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, whom the chicanery of Charlemont defeated for the presidency of the Convention of the Irish Volunteers in 1783, was a pronounced separatist. Yet he was an Englishman born and bred. Lord Byron was much of the same way of thinking, and so also, although with some degree of difference, was the brilliant poet Shelley. The Tampa, Fla., *Times*, of a recent date, gave a "roast" to the Irish National Convention, which brought forth the following caustic reply from Mr. Frank Fox, an Englishman:

"*To the Editor of the Tampa Tribune—Dear Sir:* I am an Englishman and was born, brought up and educated at the small country town of Sandbach, Cheshire, England, but that doesn't prevent me from sympathizing with Ireland in her struggle for liberty. In Saturday's Tampa *Times* there was a paragraph relating to the recent convention of Irishmen in Chicago which declared in favor of freeing Ireland from British tyranny by force of arms. If I had been born a Spaniard, that would not have prevented me from sympathizing with Cuba's struggle for independence and liberty. Ought not an American to be ashamed to make so much of 'the pocket point of view?' Shades of the brave men who threw Great Britain's tea overboard in Boston harbor, what think ye of your degenerate descendants?

FRANK FOX."

A JOURNALISTIC STRUMPET.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette*, Renegade Astor's cast off journalistic harlot, appears to be edited at present by "American" fugitives from justice. The *Gazette*, under the management of Stead, the notorious, became so indecent that respectable people in London had their servants cast it into the swill barrels by means of particularly long tongs. Its staff is the last refuge of every broken down scribe, and hopeless journalistic blackguard in London. No human being other than a liar, a scoundrel and a libel on the human race, and on God's providence, would be found dead with its money in his pockets.

A USEFUL HINT FROM AN ENEMY.

There is published in Plymouth, Eng., a daily paper, called the *Western Morning News*, which is edited, we should think, by an Englishman of the Froude type—one who believes that, if England were situated like Ireland, she would find her way out of slavery some how. This frank Saxon has an open and avowed contempt for an open and avowed revolutionary organization. He is much more afraid of those who work in the dark. We suppose that is what he would do, and millions of his countrymen likewise, if it was England, not Ireland, that was to be liberated. His suggestion is certainly worthy of our prayerful consideration, and so we will take it under advisement, as the judges say. However, as there is no law in America against open revolutionary organizations, we hope the Irish National Alliance will go ahead notwithstanding the obliging Englishman's doubts of its efficiency. We quite agree with our Saxon mentor that much more damage was done to England by the Fenians than by "the blatant public utterances of men like Mr. Finerty." As the latter had the honor of organizing numerous circles and military companies of the Fenian Brotherhood, perhaps he was not quite so "blatant" as the beef-eating editor supposes. "Blatant" means bellowing. It is a good English word, peculiarly applicable to John Bull, who is forever bellowing out of the front end of his carcass. There, for instance, is Lord Sackville. Well, perhaps he did more braying than bellowing. John Bull has a most congenial yoke-fellow in Jackass Sackville. However, here is what the Englishman has to say in part:

"The Irish physical force party in America are displaying unusual activity at a time when Nationalists in Ireland, not having any special quarrel among themselves just now, are as mild as summer sheep. In Mr. Parnell's day it was his boast that he had captured the physical force party, as well as the constitutional party. Now the two go their separate ways—a section of the Nationalists have for the first time allied themselves with an English political party in exchange for a piece of paper called a Home Rule bill. The agrarian agitations in the island have ceased, thanks to the strong rule of Mr. Balfour. If not prosperity, at least calmness reigns over Ireland. This peace and contentment does not seem to please the physical force party in Ireland. It is only interpreted as a slavish submission to the brutal Saxon; and one of the members of the Irish-American Convention says that his fellow-countrymen are only quiet because they 'lie flattened out under the heels of the English. So the military party in the United States are coming to the rescue of the 'downtrodden peasants,' and are now holding a convention in Chicago with the object of rousing the martial spirit of the Irish. It is about twenty years since such a gathering took place on American soil. While Mr. Parnell was alive the Fenians in America thought it discreet to work in secret. More mischief was done then than is likely to be accomplished by the blatant public utterances of men like Mr. Finerty. We are disposed, therefore, to be more patient with the delegates, because they are acting openly on this occasion. There is little to fear from agitators who expose themselves to the searching light of day. It is the Fenian plotting in secret who is to be dreaded. The man with a rifle hiding behind a hedge is dangerous. He who sends a herald to announce his determination to 'shoot at sight' may not be a bad fellow after all. At any rate, we can be prepared for him."

Look at that now and mark it well. It would appear that Irishmen, according to this Saxon clod-hopper, never shoot off their rifles, unless when they have a hedge to hide behind. Does it occur to this English muttonhead, that his amiable country has taken good care that there are no arms whatever in the hands of the Irish people? Does he know that it is a felony, punishable by a long term of imprisonment in the penitentiary, for an "unlicensed" Irishman to be found with a gun or pistol, or even ammunition, in his possession? These may carry arms in Ireland the British regulars, generally 25,000 to 30,000 strong; the Royal Irish Constabulary, 12,000 strong; the militia, about 20,000, when in training only; the coast guards; the magistracy; which includes most of the aristocracy, and friends of the British connection, approved of by the magistrates. The Irish people proper have no arms. Not that alone, but they are forbidden to form volunteer battalions or companies, or to drill in any sense whatever, except as servants of the crown. Oh, the English are truly a brave and generous people. They have stripped Ireland of every means of defense or aggression, and then, having handy an army and a fleet, supported to a great extent by Irish money, stolen in the way of taxes, shout, "Come on and fight!" Oh, the brave English! Oh, the chivalrous English! What a noble and heroic nation—36,000,000 British afraid to allow less than 5,000,000 Irish to drill and carry arms! At all events, it is a great, but involuntary, compliment to Irish valor. Adios, Senor Saxona. May we meet—not at Philippi but Marathon!

THE TWO TOODLES.

(After Eugene Field in Chicago "Record.")

Taddle Toodle was a boy,
Toodle Taddle was a girl,
Taddle Toodle got a toy,
Toodle Taddle made it whirl!
Taddle Toodle pulled her hair,
Toodle Taddle screamed like blazes,
Mamma spanks the naughty pair
While the roof each youngster raises.

Taddle Toodle went to school,
Toodle Taddle followed after,
Taddle Toodle proved a fool,
Toodle Taddle screamed with laughter.
Both were sent unspanked home,
Ere the schooling day was ended,
Taddle Toodle sad did roam,
Toodle Taddle stood suspended.

THE PRELATE AND THE SNOWBALL.

Edward Blake, who was a fairly big man in Canadian politics, has been a conspicuous failure, up to date, in Anglo-Irish politics. Mr. Blake has ice water in his veins, and, occasionally, this rushes to his head and produces hydrocephalus. Parnell's coldness was the snow on the slumbering peak of a volcano—the imprisoned fires, in moments of urgency, often made red the midnight skies of the Irish "constitutional" struggle; but Mr. Blake's coldness is that of the lifeless mastodon enclosed in an iceberg. Canadian frost freezes deep, and not even the influence of the gulf stream on the coast of Ireland has succeeded in thawing out the Hon. Mr. Blake. We observe, with some degree of hilarity, a correspondence between the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, and Mr. Blake on the subject of holding a "National" (Provincial) convention in Dublin for the unification of the moribund Irish Parliamentary party. This proposition makes us smile. If there is any man in Ireland, priest or levite, scribe or pharisee, more responsible for Parnell's deposition and destruction than another, it is his Grace of Dublin. All their Graces of Dublin, with, perhaps, the exception of St. Lorcan O'Tuhill (not O'Toole) have been a clinging curse to the Irish cause, whether they were against it, like Doctors Cullen and McCabe, or, in a way, for it like Dr. Walsh. As politicians all these eminent gentlemen have been flat failures. Cardinal Cullen once said that the curse of the exodus sent on Ireland was intended to "spread the faith"—digging trenches and building canals and railroads in England and America, while the English dined sumptuously, in philosophical Saxon style, on Irish beef, mutton and fowl, and licked their chops gleefully in appreciation of his Eminence's fine sense of humor. "Spreading the faith" on empty stomachs, or working like slaves under a merciless sun, seemed very funny to the English—so Irish, you know. That is not the English way of getting to heaven. Dr. Walsh and Hon. Blake are both great friends of "the Empire." But there are plenty of fools still left in Ireland who, no doubt, will give countenance to their farcical folly.

HARD ON DOCTOR DESMOND

Editor Fitzgerald, of the Memphis *Catholic Journal*, thus flattens out Editor Desmond, of the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen* in his issue of Oct. 12:

"Talk about A.P.A's! Why, we have within the nominal fold of our own church as contemptible creatures as any members of the dark lantern brigade. Take, for instance, the editor of the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen:* we would prefer any A.P.A. or Orangeman in America to a man of his calibre. You may claim to be an Irishman and a Catholic and still be as great a bigot and as despicable a citizen as any A.P.A."

JOHN J. FLINN'S brilliant weekly, *The Observer*, is rapidly growing in popular favor. It has already reached a very large circulation. Nobody knows how to give an obnoxious public serf a gentlemanly roast more ably than Mr. Flinn. More power to his elbow and his quill!

WHY does our Democratic friend, *The Chronicle*, pipe such a peaceful tune? Would not its soldier editor draw the sword for America in a fight for honor, as he did in a fight for Union? Too much war, Friend *Chronicle*, is bad, but so also is too much peace. A rap at the British would do us all good—get the pile off our stomachs and put Uncle Sam's blood in excellent condition.

BRITISH EMPIRE BUBBLE.

The Might of America and Ireland's Enemy Greatly Exaggerated by the Timid and Gullible.

The Great Robber Concern Surrounded by Many Dangers and Difficulties—Russian Progress Toward the Anglo-Indian Frontier.

BY HON. A. L. MORRISON.

I need hardly say that I watched the proceedings of the recent convention with great interest and heartily congratulate you and all concerned on the harmony and perfect order which characterized every step from first to last. Not that I had any fears of dissension. I had none, but we all know how the most infinitesimal mole hill would have been magnified to a mountain by the enemy and the West Britons. I have no knowledge of the private workings of the organization (I assume there are such, and that the folly which prevailed so largely in the old Fenian Brotherhood, of airing all our intentions in eloquent speeches will not be repeated again), all I know, or care to know at preset, is that another effort is being made to arouse the latent manhood of our race; to keep the old spirit awake and show the nations of the earth that we are neither conquered nor discouraged. A tremendous responsibility rests on the originators of this movement, and on the men to whose care its future is committed. Their speeches read well, they have the ring of the genuine metal, but far more is required than that. Have they a deep and profound appreciation of Davis' great thought

"The patient dint and powder shock
Will blast an Empire like a rock?"

"The patient dint!" How often has it been quoted by men who never understood a fraction of its significance. You and I have seen the grandest movement since '98 wrecked, criminally wrecked, through the reckless impatience of men in the ranks yielded to by weak leaders. When we pleaded for delay and better preparation we were sneeringly asked if we wanted to wait for Macaulay's New Zealander. One would have supposed that the disruption of the British Empire was a mere holiday junket. "Now or never," was the cry. "If a movement is not made at once we are done with it." Well, the Hotspurs had their way and the natural result followed; our humiliation and the postponement of Irish liberty for a generation. Better, far better, to have waited for years longer than to rush madly on another defeat. The leaders of this movement have all our past history to warn and guide them. But if they are not well-read and profound students of the world's history, if they have not the instincts of statesmen and the cool, cautious brains of philosophers, they have mistaken their vocation. The Irish people have always needed the curb far more than the spur. We do not want Neys nor Murats, but we do need calm, well-poised, self-contained men like Fabius Maximus, George Washington or Wolfe Tone—men whom neither sneers, threats nor treason could drive from their well-digested, firmly-fixed purposes.

It is true such master-minds appear but seldom But it is equally true that many great events have been accomplished by men who did not possess the divine spark of genius, but who made good use of the talents God had given them, and by study, application, tireless industry and inexhaustible patience prepared themselves for the accomplishment of the work to which they devoted their lives. The present danger is that long before our organization is perfected the opportunity will have come and passed. However long the peace of Europe may be maintained, a rupture is certain. The terrible strain which France and Germany are enduring is fast becoming intolerable, and war, by ending the crisis, will be regarded as the lesser evil. The tripie alliance cannot much longer be maintained. One of its members—Italy—is on the very verge of bankruptcy, and could not, under existing circumstances, wage a war of any magnitude. On the other hand, the dual alliance between France and Russia is doubtless an accomplished fact, and herein lies England's next and greatest difficulty. Russia has advanced a century since the Crimean war, which was won by France, and in no sense of the word by England. Anyone who has read the works of Schuyler, McGahan, O'Donovan and Burnaby know the immense strides Russia has made towards India. The Caspian is literally a Russian lake, Persia is very little more than a suzerain to the Czar, all the warrior Turkoman tribes, covering the immense steppes from Astrakan to Merv, are now obedient Russian subjects. Perfect railroad communication extends from Moscow and St. Pstersburg to Herat, and the notes of the Russian bugles daily awake the echoes of the Hindu Kush. All the blood and treasure which Russia has expended in that direction from the days of Peter the Great till now, have been merely preparatory to the conquest of British India.

Let the leaders of the New Movement keep their eyes firmly fixed on the Russian advance on Hindostan, for there lies England's weakest point, and she knows it better than we do. In this connection a few extracts from a recent carefully written essay by F. Heinrich Geffeken will be instructive. There can be no doubt that the writer is friendly to England, and that makes his conclusions all the more valuable. After a description of England's immense possessions, he says: "Ethnographically speaking, India holds a population of 291,000,000; politically speaking, this means the British dominion over the vast mass of men in which it forms the sole connecting link. The English are the ruling caste, but a caste of an infinitely small minority of scarcely 200,000." It must be borne in mind that of this number only 73,000 are British soldiers. The native troops number 125,000, and we who remember the Sikh and Sepoy insurrections know that they are a perpetual menace to British supremacy. If in those days Russia held the same commanding position which she holds today a casus belli would have been found, the Don Cossacks would soon be watering their horses in the sacred Ganges, the gates of India would be penetrated by Russian columns, the Mahomedan cavalry of Turkestan would make common cause with their co-religionists of Afghanistan and Hindostan against the English invader who has robbed their rich Mosques and magnificent bazaars from the Himilayas to Cape Comorn. What might have happened thirty or forty years ago may, most likely, happen in our time. But let us return to Mr. Geffeken's paper and invite the earnest attention of your readers to both his premises and conclusions:

"Leaving aside the minor colonies, even this bird's-eye view shows what a mighty edifice is this constantly expanding British Empire. Yet, as it is not a compact mass like the United States or Russia, but, by its dissemination over all parts of the world, forms a highly complicated and artificial structure, it is eminently vulnerable and exposed to special dangers. If peace should prevail for an indefinite period, there would be probably little chance of seeing its integrity impaired; but as we cannot hope to have entered upon the millennium, war remains the great test of the strength of states. The principal continental governments are prolific in peaceful assurances, and notwithstanding their colossal armaments they are probably sincere.

"Unfortunately these assurances do not add much to the confidence of the nations, because many causes for conflict exist, and it remains very doubtful whether this prolonged tension and the oppressive economical strain of this military preparedness will not result in an outbreak, which, under existing circumstances, would assume such tremendous proportions that England could scarcely remain neutral. As a single example we may take the chance of a war in the Mediterranean, where France, and probably Russia, would be opposed to Italy and Austria, while England has declared that she cannot suffer an alteration of the status quo. The question, therefore, cannot be avoided, how in such a case will she be able to weather the storm? In this respect we must first consider that circumstances have totally changed since the times in which she obtained her position as a great world-power. Then armies were comparatively small, and the English, strengthened by paid foreign auxiliaries, could play a prominent part; but now, in the face of enormous continental armies raised by universal service, the English army, which adheres to the principle of free enlistment, dwindles into next to nothing. This was seen in the Crimean war, when, with all her exertions, England could put into the field little more than 50,000 men who fought with gallantry, but could have achieved nothing without their allies."

Mr. Geffcken should have added that thousands of her men would have perished from cold and hunger if France had not supplied them with food and clothing.

"Since this experience," the writer continues, "the government has abstained from active interference in the great struggles which have changed the map of Europe; nay, more, it tamely submitted when Russia, during the Franco-German war, arbitrarily denounced the neutralization of the Black Sea, which had been one of the most important clauses of the treaty of Paris. After the treaty of San Stefano, Lord Salisbury, indeed, declared that England would not tolerate its execution [but she did], and while two army corps sent to Constantinople would have sufficed to annihilate the decimated Russian army [I do not believe it] the government contented itself with despatching the fleet and a few Indian regiments to the Bosphorus and then quietly went to the Congress of Berlin. The Egyptian expedition of 1882 may appear as an exception to this policy; but when Mr. Gladstone, forced by public opinion, undertook it he had not to fear resistance from other powers.

"Apart from this short campaign, which offers no proof of what an English army could do against trained European troops, England's policy has been to avoid conflicts, and it was but natural that her rivals should profit by this tendency. Both France and the United States have treated her with little ceremony in recent disputes, but it was Russia, above all, who profited by the certainty that England would not go to war, by her conquest of Central Asia. The successive strides she made in this direction gave great uneasiness to English statesmen; but they did not offer any active opposition, and allowed themselves to be lured by the promises of Prince Gortschakoff—which were broken as soon as they were given—and by negotiations which proved abortive. A Russian general appearing at Kabul, in order to conclude an alliance with the Ameer of Afghanistan for the invasion of India, while a Russian army was advancing from Samarcand for the same purpose, forced Lord Salisbury to meet Russia's demands half way by a secret convention with Count Schouvaloff; but meanwhile the Russians steadily advanced through deserts hitherto believed inaccessible, until they stood at the Afghan frontier, and soon afterward, under the eyes of the British commissary, ejected the Afghans from Penjdeh. After protracted negotiations the Afghan frontier was at last settled, and Russia not only remained in possession of Penjdeh, but advanced three miles nearer to Herat."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Irishmen in an International Athletic Contest.

The great international athletic contest has ended in a complete extinguishment of the Englishmen, under circumstances never before equalled for the record-breaking excellence of the performances. The Englishmen went across to America high in hopes, for they carried the cream of the athletic talent of their country—men who, in their various departments, were all in the first class, and some of them holders of records. It was expected that in all the sprint racing events, Bradley and Jordan would prove more than a match for the Yankees, while Lutyen was considered good enough for Conneff if he would not entirely outclass him. What was the result? In any of the eleven events the Englishmen did not get one single look in. Irish brawn and muscle had to be reckoned with as well as American skill and speed, and our transatlantic friends seemed to be determined if the Saxons did record performances to go one better and do record-breaking performances. And they did. Look at this for one day's work—the half-mile race, run by Kilpatrick in 1 minute 53 2-5 seconds (new world's record); 100 yards' race, run by Wefers in 9 4-5 seconds (equaling the world's record); 6 feet 5¼ inches in the high jump, achieved by Sweeny (new world's record); the mile race by Conneff, 4 minutes 18 1-5 seconds; the furlong by Wefers in 21 3-5 seconds (new world's record); the 120 yards hurdle race by Chase in 15 3-5 seconds (new world's record); the quarter by Bourke in 49 seconds, and other equally brilliant doings by the Americans and Irish-Americans, which cut the records of the world very close. Such a total of first rank records going in one single day is little less than marvellous, and it is with no small degree of pride that Ireland can claim among the winners such men as Conneff, the little Naas sprout of the Gaelic Athletic Association, Mitchell, the genial Emly giant weight-thrower (who, by the way, distanced the best Englishman in the hammer-throwing, some forty-three feet), Sweeny, Bourke and Kilpatrick.—*Cork Herald, Sept. 20.*

THAT "INFERNAL ASS."

[*Chicago Evening Post, Oct. 14.*]

In explanation of Lord Sackville-West's remarkable performance in 1888-89, as recorded in his own confession, it is said that his fears were worked upon to such an extent that he really believed himself to be in personal danger from the infuriated and blood-thirsty Irish. In all the world there are no greater jokers than the Irish, and when they found out that the British minister was a weak, credulous person they proceeded to put up jobs upon him designed to make him uncomfortable. Nothing was too wild for them to spring on him, and he was finally led to believe that his life was threatened every minute. To his heated imagination an assassin was concealed behind every tree-box and the malevolence of eight centuries of Celtic oppression was directed against him. He had never done anything to hurt the Irish any more than any snobbish Englishman would have done who might be similarly situated, but he was frightened into thinking that he had been singled out as a special object of vindictive Irish persecution.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF PATRICK CAVANAGH.

Fifty-three years ago, amid the historic valleys of old Tyrone, the subject of this obituary was born. Cradled among scenes immortalized by the patriotism and the valor of the greatest military figure in Irish history—the mighty Hugh O'Neill—it was but natural that in after years, and on the soil of a free republic, he should be an unflinching advocate of liberty everywhere. But, while he was a liberal subscriber to movements of a constitutional character having for their object the advancement of the material interests of his native land, he nevertheless was a firm believer in Ireland's right to sovereign independence. His patriotism was of a practical character. A man of stern integrity and honor himself, he keenly appreciated these qualities in others. He was an optimist by nature, and loved to look at the bright side of human life.

The magnificent assemblage which gathered at the Cathedral of the Holy Name to pay reverent respect and honor to his memory, was eloquent testimony of the esteem in which he was held in this city, as well as of the number and character of his friends.

Mr. Cavanagh was married twenty-four years ago to Miss Margaret Dillon of Joliet, a most amiable and accomplished lady. Her brother, Rev. Patrick Dillon, was president of Notre Dame University, and another brother, Father James Dillon, was vice-president of the same institution. Mr. Cavanagh took a deep interest in the welfare of the Young Men's Institute, Sherman Council, and was a life member of the Council, and also a life member of the Chicago Athletic Association.

His remains lie in the vault at Calvary to await final burial in a few weeks. To his loving family—to whom we tender our most respectful sympathy—his loss is irreparable; and many an old Chicago friend will miss his genial smile and hearty greeting.

The following sent flowers: Mr. and Mrs. Deniat, bouquet of roses; Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Kerwin, bouquet of American Beauty roses; Young Men's Institute, Sherman Council, large floral piece, coat-of-arms in white and pink roses; Children of Deceased, pillow of white and pink roses and orchids, with "Father" on bed of white pinks; Miss Annie Doran, Detroit, box of pink roses; Miss Nellie Muldoon, Providence, R.I., box of American Beauty roses; Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Dillon, pillow "At Rest"; Mr. William Aiken, bouquet of roses; Miss Agnes Coleman, wreath of white roses; Mrs. Charles A. Plamondon, bouquet of roses and palms; Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cooke, bouquet of roses and palms; John F. Barrett & Bros., box of roses; Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Cooke, box of roses and palms; Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Plamondon, bouquet of roses and palms; Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Murphy, bouquet of American Beauty roses; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace F. Kirk, box of roses; Mr. and Mrs. James Walsh, bouquet of roses; Mr. and Mrs. Martin, box of roses; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Steever, wreath of roses; Messrs. William Fogarty, Charles Plamondon, M. F. Madden, R. D. Walsh, Capt. J. E Bourke, James J. Moore, George W. Crawford and Thos. Barrett, active pallbearers, pillow "At Rest"; Mr. Daniel Gallery, bouquet of American Beauty roses; Mrs. Kelly and Miss Fitzpatrick, cross of roses and pinks; Mr. and Mrs. John H. Amberg, sheaf of wheat and roses; George W. Crawford, floral harp; Mrs. Katherine McCarthy and family, pink roses; Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Neary, wreath of pink roses; Mrs. J. Kelly, cross; Mr. and Mrs. William Phalen, bouquet of roses.

Among those present at the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Kerwin and Miss Kerwin, Mr. Daniel Gallery and family, Mr. N. J. Neary and Miss Neary, Hon. W. K. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finerty, Graeme Stewart, M. C. Markham, Arthur Dixon, W. C. McClure, John S. Cooke, Charles F. Cooke, George Cooke, Michael Cudahy, John Cudahy and wife, Miss Molly O'Neill, Dr. J. B. Murphy and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, J. B. Lynch and family, Wm. Devine and family, T. D. Coleman, Wm. Aiken, W. J. Quan, T. J. Shea, John W. Enright, John M. Smyth, J. G. Steever, John M. Carroll and wife; Thomas Brenan, D. B. Scully and wife, Alexander D. Hannah, Mr. Hogg, Judge John Gibbons, D. R. Cameron, C. A. Plamondon and wife, Ambrose Plamondon and wife, M. P. Farrell, Col. P. J. Hennessy, Mrs. John McVoy and Miss McVoy, William Weadley and family, James Walsh and family, John Fanning, M. O'Day, W. Graham, Frank Baker, Michael Sullivan, George W. Crawford, W. W. Oliver, Thomas A. Dillon and wife, Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Father Morrisey, Father Riordan, Father Dorney, Father Scanlan, Father Agnew, Father Perry, Father Fitzsimons, Father Finn, Father Mooney, M. S. Hyland, Thomas F. Kelly, Edward F. Kelly, P. McHugh, Judge E. F. Dunne, D. E. Sullivan, P. W. Sullivan, Capt. James E. Bourke, R. D. Walsh, William Fogarty, Jas. J. Moore and John Barrett.

JOHN GABRIEL, SR.

Mr. John Gabriel, Sr., for many years connected in a responsible capacity with leading hotels of this city, died last Saturday at the advanced age of 78 years. Mr. Gabriel was born in Ireland of an old Presbyterian family that always held national principles. His son, John Gabriel, Jr., was a leader in the old Fenian movement, and a captain in the Chicago regiment raised for the invasion of Canada in 1866. He is connected with the Southern Railroad system. Mr. Gabriel, Sr. was a gentleman of magnificent physical appearance, and his many manly qualities made him respected and beloved by all who knew him.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruighecht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

A h-aithle na laoidhne sin do commóradh lá aonaigh agus oireachtais le Fionn agus le righ na Sorcha. Agus do chonnarcadar na bratacha blaith-bhreaca breac-liomhtha, agus na meirgeadha maoth-róil, agus na glas-chloidhme cómhrighne catha le guailnibh na g-curadh agus na g-catamhileadh; doireadha dlutha dianmhóra do shleaghaibh seada sithrighne ós a g-ceannaibh, agus Diarmaid déad-sholuis O'Duibhne i d-tosach na feadhna fiormóire sin. Aithnoghios Fionn é agus chuirios Fergus Finnbheoil chuige d'á fhiafruigh de cia an eladha sin, no cia an cluideacta i n-a raibh, no an bh-fuair sgeula a mhuintire chuige. Adubhairt beisean gurab é sin gruagach an ghaisceidh, agus gur fhoillsigh do threine ealadhain dro-aidheachta gurab é Abartach mac Allchaid thug na céig fir deug sin ó Fionn go Tir Tairrngire.

Is i cómhairle do rinneadh le Fionn, ó do rug mac Ui Dhuibhne ar Gholl agus ar Oscar, a g-cur go eriochaibh na Gréige ar cheann Inghine an righ, agus Fergus do chur do mhaoidheamh a n-eachta agus a n-áthasa leo. Agus é féin agus an chuid eile d'á mhuintir do dhul go Tir Tairrngire agus gidhbe aca ba luaithe ann, fuireach leis an g-cuid eile.

Is ann sin do dessaigheadh long luchtmhar lánáibhse ach d'Fhionn agus d'á mhuintir, agus ni h-althraistear sgeulaigheacht orra no go rabhadar i d-Tir Tairrngire. Agus do chonnarcadar an t-aonach agus a t-árdoireachtas i n-a raibh Abartach mac Allchaid, agus chuirios Fionn teachtaireacht chuige d'iarraidh a mhuintire air no cath do thabhairt dó. Is é comhairle do rinneadh le h-Abartach aisloc a mhuintire do thabhairt d'Fhion agus a bhreith féin do thabhairt dó i n-a mhaisladh agus i n-a mhóir-shidhbhal. Agus rug Fionn abhaile d'á longphort féin agus do bhi an feadh is fearr d'á bh-fuair Fionn ariamh ag á deoghthabhairt dó ann. Agus fanas Fionn i d-Tir Tairrngire no go m-beurfaidis Goll agus Osgar air.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

On next Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:30 p.m., a general meeting of the friends of the Irish language will be held at the School Hall, West Eighteenth and Peoria streets, to consider the best means of helping on the movement for its revival. The meeting will be addressed by Rev. Father Carroll, pastor of St. Thomas' church, Hyde Park, and Mr. William Dillon, editor of the *New World*. All friends of the Irish language are invited to be present. There will be no class meeting at the City Hall next Sunday.

DOESN'T LIKE THE KAISER.

[*To the Editor.*]

As an American citizen I desire to applaud the recent declarations of Irish Nationalists; they are manly and practically sincere. Among the arbitrary actons which disgrace the history of England none will compare in atrocity with its treatment of Ireland. The refinement of cruelty in this case has been forced upon a race superior in many respects to the Anglo-Saxon. I have never been able to understand how an Irishman could enlist in the English service (even as a policeman). Undoubtedly many of the ills to which Ireland is heir proceed from home contentions, and the apparent difficulty experienced in pooling Irish issues. Then I think it will be admitted that the churches have largely interfered with the Irish in their struggle for liberty. The Irish nobility of course has been the inveterate enemy of Ireland always. But the greatest impediment in the way of Irish nationalism is explained by its faith in its ability to obtain concessions through British legislation; to the ordinary observer this desideratum is preposterously impossible. England cannot for many reasons, especially in a geographical sense, agree to have Ireland stand as a perpetual threat at her (England's) threshold. England's conscience is especially active in this particular. To have Ireland an independent nation (if friendly) would not stir up John Bull's anxiety to its present hysterical condition, but John Bull knows full well that a race which has been harassed, and crucified for centuries cannot entertain other sentiments than hatred for her oppressor, hence John Bull's strenuous effort to oppose the separation of the two countries. But there is no more affinity between a Celt and an Anglo-Saxon than there is between oil and water.

In the not far distant future there will be a chance for Ireland's emancipation; that chance will be found in a general European war, in which perhaps this country may not be entirely disinterested. There can be no doubt regarding the attitude of the European powers; the natural sympathies existing between France and Ireland are too well known to need any explanation. During the Franco-German war I happened to be traveling through the country in a carriage (as the railroads were cut off), on my way to Calais; while passing through Eureux I found an Irish ambulance corps—in fact the only men in that place were Irishmen, as of course all the Frenchmen were off to the front.

Let Ireland watch her chance, and as soon as England is involved in a war, which is inevitably near, then let Ireland strike and hold the fort thereafter. The United States will be divided in its sympathies for many important reasons, among which I call your attention to the inconsistent eulogy of the American press relative to that pompous relic of past imperialism, the German kaiser, whereas that same great American free press never misses an opportunity to attack the French government and criticise the French people. Why this should be is only explained in the fact that that same press is catering to the German vote. France is the historical friend of the United States, beginning with the Revolution. There is a frank contempt in Germany for our freedom of the press; in that country the government edits every journal and promptly suppresses any views antagonistic to its interests. In France there is greater freedom of the press, perhaps, than there is here, yet you will observe that many of our journals persistently abuse the French and sling editorial taffy at the Germans. Can you explain this, Mr. Editor?

Yours very truly, an American citizen born, and his parents before him,

HENRY PALMIER.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

"Delmonico's at Six," under the management of Mr. J. M. Ward, will appear at Havlin's Theatre the week of Sunday, Oct. 20. It is full of fun, and is a bright, clean farce comedy from beginning to end. The intrinsic merit of this production is greatly enhanced by the excellence of the company. "Delmonico's at Six" is a story of an attempt on the part of a husband to excite the jealousy of his wife by making a pretended appointment with an actress. The matter gets involved beyond the control of the husband because the actress actually happens to be at Delmonico's with another man, and the excited wife of course thinks that fair charmer is there by appointment with her husband. Miss Nellie Dunbar, formerly the prima donna of the "Ship Ahoy" company and last season leading lady in "Pawn Ticket 210," will play one of the prominent parts. Miss Dunbar is noted for her phenomenal baritone voice. Miss Ollie Evans, a very clever soubrette, will assume the role of the actress. Many high class specialties have been introduced which makes "Delmonico's at Six" a great laugh from start to finish.

Week commencing Sunday matinee Oct 27, the great comedy drama, "Pawn Ticket 210."

Think of This. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. It cures disease when all others fail, because it makes pure blood.

Hood's Pills cure jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all liver ills.

All Right But the Name.

To illustrate how naturally some Kentuckians seize an opportunity to make a speech, I recall an incident that happened in the legislature in 1880, when Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell was invited by the general assembly to visit Frankfort. A member was selected by the general assembly to present him to the house and senate, and it was distinctly announced by the committee in charge that no other speech would be allowed in joint meeting.

The speaker of the house, a worthy, ambitious man, was in the chair. As Mr. Parnell, leaning on the arm of Gov. Luke P. Blackburn, entered the door of the hall, our spokesman met them, and, turning to the speaker and the large and distinguished assembly, formally presented Mr. Parnell, stating his official position, the praiseworthy motive that brought him to America, and his plans for the relief of Ireland, then afflicted by famine. Our sympathy for him and his country was expressed in earnest and glowing terms. After speaking five minutes, the spokesman, according to instructions, escorted him to the speaker's desk, it having been agreed that Mr. Parnell should at once address the assembly; but before he could open his mouth the speaker unexpectedly rushed into a speech, saying: "Ladies and gentlemen. I have the honor to present Mr. *Cornell.*" [To set the gentleman right Mr. Parnell whispered his name and the speaker, correcting himself, proceeded]. He is a distinguished member of the English parliament, and no name is more beloved in Ireland than that of Mr. *Cornell.* [Again Mr. Parnell whispered the right name, and again the speaker, correcting the mistake, proceeded]. I am sure you will recall this day in after years with delight, and that a favorable report of your courtesy will be carried back to Erin and to England by our distinguished guest. In our homes his coming has been discussed with sympathy day and night, until now every man, woman and child in the land has learned to respect, to revere, and to love the name of *Cornell.*"—"*Fun on the Stump,*" *by Edward J. McDermott, in the October Century.*

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per White Star Line steamship Majestic, sailing from New York Oct. 16: Mr. and Mrs. Mackie, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Helen Wagner, Miss Ethel Wagner, Chicago; John Kraft, Minneapolis, Minn.; John Mayberry, Vancouver, B.C.; Miss May Coghill, Miss Catherine Jones, Chicago.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street. Telephone Main 174.

HYMENEAL.

DUNNE—CONDON.

At St. Anne's Roman Catholic church, on Douglas boulevard, an interesting marriage service was solemnized on Wednesday evening week, the contracting parties being Miss Sarah J. Condon and Mr. Patrick William Dunne. The bride, says the *Evening Post*, is a director of the Illinois Industrial Home for the Blind, and a sister of Mr. William H. Condon, but, sad to say, is totally blind. The engagement was announced three weeks ago. Mrs. Dunne is 38 years of age and a woman of brilliant attainments.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Registration AND ELECTION NOTICE.

Only one (1) day of Registration for the November Election of 1895, TUESDAY, OCT. 22, A. D. 1895.

The Board of Registry will be in session to register voters at precinct polling places on TUESDAY, OCT. 22, A. D. 1895, from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.

No person can be registered at any other time.

Unless you are registered you cannot vote.

Election Day is TUESDAY, NOV. 5, A. D. 1895.

Polls open at 6 a. m. and close at 4 p. m.

FREDERICK S. BAIRD,
CHRISTIAN MEYER,
P. H. KEENAN,
Board of Election Commissioners.
ISAAC H. POWELL, Chief Clerk.

BARGAINS IN

DIAMONDS

AT

KASPER & BARNES,

McVICKER'S THEATRE BUILDING.

OPEN EVENINGS.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.

183--189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602, Adams Express Building, Chicago.

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FRANCIS J. NORTON,

ARCHITECT.

Masonic Temple.

Suites 1410-28. Chicago, Ill.

P. M'HUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1316 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the October Term A. D. 1895. Nancy M. Hosmer vs. Rosa Z. Kelly alias Rose Z. Kelly, Cassius M. Lawson, John W. Sexton, Henry B. Thornbusch and Horatio L. Wait. In Chancery. No. 147,340. Notice is hereby given to the said John W. Sexton and Cassius M. Lawson that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook county, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1895, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GALTER, Clerk.

P. McHugh, Complainant's Solicitor,
1316 Chamber of Commerce.

MAY AND THE SNAKES

TWO STORIES TOLD BY THE CLIFF DWELLING CURIO COLLECTOR.

In Both Cases the Serpents Were Rattlers, and It Seems That One of the Snakes Carried Poison In His Tail—How One of the Yarns Saved a Tourist's Life.

"One of the most interesting men I met out west," said a man who had just got back from Colorado and Arizona, "was Samuel May of Durango. Everybody knows May in that country as the chap who has the cinch on the cliff dwellings. He's the most indefatigable collector of pottery and curios from those extraordinary prehistoric skyhouses, and I don't suppose there is a nook or corner in the Mancos and the Spruce Tree canyons which he has not rummaged for ancient crockery. His researches have extended beyond the Navajo reservation, even to the Four Corners and to Cottonwood lake, in which localities he reports the most marvelous and extensive mines.

"To reach many of the cliff dwellings in the Mancos canyon is a hazardous and almost impossible feat. Eastern people who have never visited these regions can form no idea of the remoteness and the inaccessibility of some rude primitive dwellings. While at Flagstaff, A. T., last summer I determined to visit the cliff dwellings in Walnut canyon and make no fuss about it, either. Well, when I stepped out on to a trail 1½ feet in width, right on the edge of a precipice 600 feet deep and filled with loose stones, the rolling of any one of which might send me to kingdom come, I began to feel very weak. Still I would not give in, but picked my way gingerly along, trying my best to keep my fascinated gaze from that frightful gash in the earth's crust at my side.

"I stood it, though I was constantly growing dizzier, until I came to a place where I must jump down five feet in order to round a cliff and get a first class view of the dwellings and to enter them and pick up antediluvian soup ladles and prehistoric gravy boats to take back as souvenirs to my friends in the east. I stopped and mentally calculated the extent of that jump. I readily saw that if I were to jump one-sixteenth of an inch too much to the left I would be falling until snow flies. I suddenly sat down and hid my face in my hands to shut out that tremendous chasm. I felt giddy, weak, sick. I wanted to get back up the trail to the top of the cliff, but I didn't dare rise. I thought of the soup ladles and gravy boats with regret and was just about to make another effort in the direction of prehistoric researches when suddenly I thought of Samuel May's snake story, and that settled it. To this day I do not know how I arose, turned round on that dizzy trail and regained the safety of the cliff. I only know that I did not get over the strain on my nervous system for weeks. But now for the snake story which turned me from my discoveries and probably saved my bones for Christian burial instead of bleaching in the depths of Walnut canyon, Arizona.

"In Mancos canyon they draw you up into these cliff dwellings from the bottom of the gorge by a rope and pulley. Imagine being pulled up in a sort of basket seat some six or seven hundred feet! May was pulled up this way on one of his excursions to a ledge about 300 feet from the top of the canyon, whereon stood a particularly fine block of these mysterious dwellings. The fellows on the top of the cliff who were hauling him up stopped his car in front of a second story window, through which May intended to enter the dwelling. Now, think of it! Here he hung, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth, with this awful canyon below him. He caught hold of the window ledge and drew his basket close, then putting his hand into the room to get a purchase, so that he might draw his body through, he put it directly on a soft, slimy substance, a coiled up rattler, in fact!

"May's nerve did not desert him. His hand closed on the rattler's throat, and he slowly drew the reptile out through the window and threw it, hissing, writhing and struggling, down a sheer 800 feet. Then he signaled the men to let him down. He had had enough of cliff dwellings for one day.

"At another time May and his partner started on one of these ransacking expeditions after crockery, and when they got in the neighborhood of Dolores they discovered they had forgotten the feed for the horses. So there was nothing to do but for one to go back after it while his partner camped to await his return. May decided to camp and let the other fellow do the rustling. His partner had not been long away when May heard the peculiar hissing note of a rattler coming from a pile of loosely heaped up stones near by. He fired into the heap and killed the snake, and, dragging it out, with true western instinct broke off the rattles and slipped them into his vest pocket. Next morning May made his fire, cooked bacon, eggs, made coffee, flapjacks, ate heartily, and then, well satisfied with his breakfast, sat down, took his toothpick from his vest pocket and industriously applied it. In a few minutes his face began to swell. To his horror, he found he had put the rattles next his toothpick, and some poison had clung to it and been conveyed to a hollow tooth in his jaw. There he was alone in a wilderness and visibly swelling. What did he do? There was a gallon jug of whisky in the outfit, and he drank it. Just as he drained the last drop a mounted traveler came along on the way from Mancos to Dolores. To him May shouted the terrible tale, and the kind hearted stranger ran his horse to Dolores and back for another gallon of whisky. So May yet lives to resurrect ancient pottery and to tell snake stories."—New York Sun.

Contentment consists in the temporary forgetfulness of the thing we would like to have next.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc, made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

A PRINCE OF BOHEMIA.

Gives the Human Snowball a Wholesome Object Lesson In Courtesy.

The little French restaurant where this pretty thing happened is so dear to the bohemians who dine there every night that I shall not tell its name or place. Those who frequent it will know, and those who do not know are mostly Philistines, and so unworthy.

They who gather nightly at its little tables are not bohemians of the old sort, long of hair and short of cash, who rendered unto Pabst the things which were Chung Lee's. They are newspaper men and writers of stories, artists and illustrators, contributors to the magazines, an occasional actor or actress, a poet or two and a few architects. All work hard. Some earn good salaries, the majority dress well and judged by the old standards are disgracefully respectable. But when they pass the little wicker door which gives entrance from the dingy street and are greeted by madame's cheerful: "Bon soir, monsieur! Bon soir, madame!" all are on an equal footing. Nothing is required except that one be able to contribute to the general fund of entertainment or information; that he treat his neighbor courteously and pay his "addition."

A score of small tables fill the room, some seating four, some only two, and while most of the habitues know each other there is an unwritten law that none shall seat himself at a table already occupied except after asking and receiving permission from the occupant. This is the golden rule.

Until recently there has been room for all, but the Philistines have found the place, and now every table usually has an occupant by half past 6. So it happened that when the little lady in black and her little mother came in they found no table unoccupied and only one at which room for two could be made.

The little lady in black is a recent comer. She is very shy and very quiet and very attentive to her mother. And the mother! Such a quaint little figure, and such an absurd and old fashioned and impossible costume! She might be Mother Goose herself, or the Old Lady Who Lived In a Shoe, only she never would have "spanked them all soundly and sent them to bed." Her face is too sweet for that.

At the only table where there was room for the two ladies sat a well groomed man, one of the Philistines, "a rank outsider," as the turf editor afterward called him. His face was as large as a prize pumpkin, as flat as a rag doll's, and with all the geniality and winning grace of a snowball.

The two ladies, after looking all about the room, approached his table timidly and said something in a very low tone. The man looked up from his paper with an icy stare and nodded. The ladies slid into their seats in an apologetic way. The man looked furtively around the room to see if any one had noticed the shabby and old fashioned dress of his vis-a-vis. His apprehensions—on his own account entirely—were so evident that several who saw the little comedy smiled. The man called a waitress, said something to her, got up hastily and took a seat at one of the small tables, which had a single occupant. A quick, comprehensive glance passed between mother and daughter, and the young girl turned very red.

Several of the diners had seen the boorish act. A tall, middle aged man left his seat at one of the center tables, which was intended for four, but was then doing duty for six. He stepped over to the table where the two ladies were sitting and bowed. Would the ladies kindly permit him? It was so crowded at the other table, you know. And then he sat down with them and drew them quietly into conversation, as is permitted to gray hairs in a French restaurant. It was noticed that Octavie brought him a quart of ordinaire instead of his usual pint, and that he filled all three glasses. And the five companions whom he had left at the other table, knowing how good a talker he was, how nice a tact he had and how pleasant a faculty of discovering what interested those with whom he came in contact, smiled to see both the little lady in black and her mother grow animated and to hear them laugh occasionally.—New York Herald.

Jockteleg—Jackknife.

In Jamieson's Scottish dictionary, s. v., the definition given is "folding knife," while there is another legend of James VI to the effect that, after going to London, he one day puzzled his courtiers by saying to a stable boy, "Callan, hae, there's thretty pennies, gae wa and buy me a jockteleg," etc. It is further stated, on the authority of Grose's "Provincial Glossary," that "Liege formerly supplied Scotland with cutlery." "Jocktaleg" is Allan Ramsay's spelling.

I think the following extract from "Hanley Cross; or, Mr. Jorrocks' Hunt," first edition, page 409, will bear out what Mr. N. Newe says about "jockteleg" being what we, as boys, called a "shut knife:" "Sink ar's left mar Jack-a-legs ahint," says Pigg, wanting to cut off the fox's brush. "Has ony on ye getten a knife?" The cart horsed countryman has one, etc. Here "Jack-a-legs" is evidently "Newcassel" for the further Scotland "jockteleg."

I have always understood that this word was supposed to be a corruption not of "John de Liege," but of Jacques de Liege. In the north of England the form used is "jackaleg," or "jocke-legs." The term is used for a large clasped pocketknife. Jamieson's dictionary defines the word as being equivalent to a folding knife.—Notes and Queries.

A Joke.

"We've two baseball nines out at our shirt factory," said the variety comedian last night.

"What do you call 'em?"

"One is named the Shirts and the other the Collars."

"Which side usually wins?"

"Neither, because there is always a tie between 'em."—Philadelphia Call.

FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

The Old Defender Enjoying Desuetude In a Deserted Navy Yard.

The venerable old frigate Constitution, of glorious memory, now lies, stark and gaunt, at the dock in the almost deserted navy yard at Kittery, Me. She is housed in, and with her old fashioned lines, her sides "tumbling home," as it is said when they incline inward, her stern gallery, in which her captains were wont to take the air and their pipes and barrack in pleasant weather, she presents a quaint sight. Of the original ship only a small section of the deck and a few iron stanchions remain.

But she was rebuilt much upon her original lines in 1848 and 1876, first by the son and again by the grandson of Hart, her original builder, so that she is practically the same ship which outsailed Admiral Brooke's squadron and outfought everything at which she backed her topsails. The Portsmouth people regard her as their own individual property and raise an awful howl every time it is proposed to take her away. It was, however, a mere accident that she happened to go out of commission at Kittery navy yard about 15 years ago, and the navy then being in the chaotic state which preceded the creation of the new navy she simply was allowed to remain there. Her guns were of no use and of no historic value, as those with which she had walloped the Guerriere, the Java, the Cyane and the Levant had long gone the way of destruction. So her armament was removed and everything else of value. She was housed in and left to her fate. Her planking is decaying, but as long as her stout timbers stay in the water they will keep as hard as iron.

It is thought that some time in the next few years the Constitution will be refitted like the Constellation and made into a training ship for boys also. Like the Constellation, she has never had steam in her, but when she has been rigged with great square sails and given a spread of canvas worthy of her she has been known to leg it at a 14 knot gait during the best part of a cruise. These two frigates are the sole survival of the great frigates of the "poetic age" of the navy, and not all the steel battleships going can altogether deprive them of their usefulness. The Kittery navy yard is as dead as Hector for the present. The people grumble at it and complain because the modern steel ships are not built or even repaired there.—Lewiston Journal.

Use of the Same Wood Blocks.

Instances of the same wood blocks being used over and over again, to represent different events, scenes and persons in the same volume, are so many in early printed books that it might be supposed that every one who felt interest in books knew of such. "Vitas Patrum," by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495, is a striking example, most, if not all, of the cuts being repeated many times, some of them six or eight, and they are about the most absurd and grotesque ever seen, although the book is so beautifully printed that there need be no hesitation in saying it has never been excelled, and rarely equaled, either by the "Kelmscott" or any other press, except perhaps by Whittingham, in his fine folio Victoria Prayer Book, which he printed for the elder Pickering.

An extremely fine copy of the "Vitas Patrum," measuring nearly 10¾ inches by 8 inches, quite sound, and almost as clean as the day it left the printers, is one of the principal ornaments of my modest collection. It has the title, a leaf of table and last leaf of text in facsimile. Coverdale's, Cranmer's and other early Bibles have such repetitions, and Holinshed's "Chronicles" are full of them.

There was another way of handling woodcuts which has not been alluded to—viz, dividing blocks into two parts and mixing up the halves so as to form many varieties. Examples of these mixed blocks may be seen in the Strasburg "Horace" and "Terence" printed about 1490. In the beautiful edition of Tyndale's New Testament, printed by Jugge, 1552, are many of these divided and mixed blocks, which are shuffled about in the most ingenious manner. So many handbooks and "near cuts" to knowledge as we now have, it is a wonder these mixed or composite blocks have escaped notice.—Notes and Queries.

Methods of Old Cavalry.

A Frenchman, Francois de la Noue, in a book of military discourses, gave his verdict for the pistol. It is remarkable that this book, published in French in 1587, was translated into English in the very same year. But De la Noue, or, as he was called, Bras-de-Fer, from the iron contrivance which he wore in lieu of a lost arm, was no ordinary soldier. He had noted the steady deterioration of the French army during the civil wars and had come to the conclusion that no good work could be done with bad and ill disciplined men unless they were massed together in dense columns. In that formation they might stand. In the single line or haie of the old French chivalry they would only break and gallop away.

The change came, as De la Noue had foreseen that it must come, and it vitiated the action of cavalry for nearly a century. But it was not wrought without a struggle. Mendoza, a Spanish military writer whose book was translated by Sir Edward Hoby in 1597, implores his sovereign "by no manner of means to permit his horse to give up lances." Sir Roger Williams, trained in the school of Spain, waxes positively eloquent on the subject: "The charge of the lancers is terrible and resolute, • • • but seldom or ever will you find pistoliers charge or enter a squadron on the spurs like the lancers, but softly on a trot or soft pace." Italians and French also loathed the new order for cavalry, but they were obliged to submit to the fashion, and so in due time were the English, though of course they were behind the rest.—Macmillan's Magazine.

HE WAS A BAD SHOT.

Yet Every Time He Fired the Bullseye Gong Rang.

A good story on the late General Dan McCauley of Indiana is related by Judge John N. Scott, now of Port Townshend, Wash.

On Judge Scott's last visit to Washington he, with his old college chum, General Joe Fullerton, and General McCauley, went on a trip up the river to one of the clubhouses.

The two former gentlemen wanted to indulge in some target practice. General McCauley protested vigorously.

Being pressed for his reason, he said the fact was he was such a bad shot he had made up his mind to quit it last time he tried it. He had never hit the bullseye in his life, he confided to them, and he was a little ashamed of it.

After some little trouble they convinced him that they were both worse shots than he, and they'd shoot for "place."

First the judge shot and made a fair showing, and then General Fullerton, making a better, and last General McCauley, who hit the bullseye.

No one was more astonished than the general himself. He began to be interested. They took another turn. Again he hit the bullseye, and yet again and again, and the ringing of the gong was music in his ear.

The others declared they'd shoot no more with him and threatened dire revenge for his deception.

In vain he assured them that it was the first time in his life he had hit the bullseye. He treated liberally, and they all enjoyed the jaunt, particularly the boy who tended the target, who was several dollars wealthier for their visit. They came back to town, dined at General McCauley's expense, and he declared he had made the hit of his life.

"Dan never suspected us," laughed the judge, "of having bribed that target boy to ring the gong every time he shot. And he couldn't see the trick in it because his bullets never even touched the target, not one!"—Washington Star.

Mountaineering Memories.

I had not long left a public school and was unconscious of the possession of nerves. Given sufficient hold for hand and foot, I never felt any more inclination to fall in a place where a fall would carry me a couple of thousand feet to the bottom of a precipice than where it would only involve a tumble of a yard into soft snow. But to poise oneself in going down a series of steps that are merely tiny chips in hard ice, tilted up at an angle greater than of an average roof—this sort of work demands some skill, which does not come by nature, but has to be acquired by experience. The only safe way, when a novice is of the party, is not to allow him to move, unless the man to whom he is roped is firmly anchored, and this course was repeatedly adopted on our descent.

It was, however, when we had reached the ice fall of the glacier that the incident occurred of which I have the most vivid recollection. The snow bridges over the crevasses had easily borne our weight in the early morning, when the frost still held them in its grip, but by the time we returned the sun had produced its effect, and I was not the only one of our party who went through in the fashion already described. Of course, the rope furnishes an absolute security, provided that the rest of the party are on what Mrs. Malaprop would call terra cotta, but I repeat that it is at first startling to find oneself swinging in vacancy over an apparently bottomless abyss.

In a good many years of mountaineering I have encountered certain real dangers, but none, I think, which has impressed me so strongly as the imaginary peril of that sudden descent below the surface of the Aletsch glacier some 30 years ago.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Preparing a Prescription.

"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only a little carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drams of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough sirup is handed to you, you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it today. When he says he does, you answer that you'll make a special effort.

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three minute prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first class druggist."—Liverpool Mercury.

Mr. English's History of Indiana.

William H. English of Indiana is 73 years old, as the phrase goes, but it does not follow that he is an old man. He is young enough to be industriously and intelligently at work on a history of Indiana, sparing no expense or research to obtain information and verifications. He is very liberal in the purchase of historical documents, and from the items we have seen in print about the work the book, when it is issued, ought to be the most valuable extant. A very first class and comprehensive history of the great state of Indiana, written as a labor of love, will be a monument to the author greater than marble or bronze or a career in public office. Mr. English has not been conspicuous in politics, though always in line as a Democrat, since he ran for vice president on the ticket with Hancock in 1880.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Unhofer, 859 27th st; F S, H J Hansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 6720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 26—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 18th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 127 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1057 Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Little. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Sedgwood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3809 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Tuursday at 7:30 in Runl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1904 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schnagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuiser; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2291 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3840 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 108 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 200 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heimerdinger; T, F Mueller Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in [illegible]

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Deasc, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
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OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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OPEN FACE.
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No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

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No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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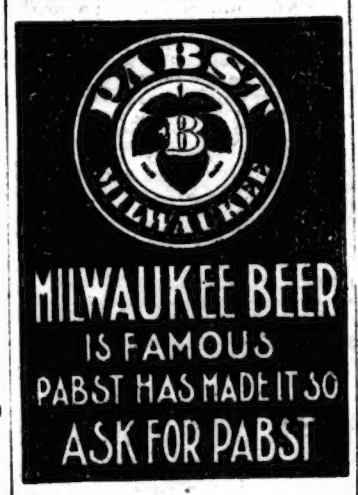

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